

THE  
PENITENT  
PILGRIM.



*Pen and cvill have the dayes of my life been.*  
*Gen. Cap: 47. v. 9.*

LONDON

Printed by John Dawson 1641.

W. Marshall sculp



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Alter quasi  
Phœnix



Worthy the Lambe  
et Rev. 5. 12.



Peſecanus.

The  
Penitent Pilgrim  
bemoaning his ſinfull  
Condition.



As a lambe to the  
ſlaughter. et Iſa. 53. 7.



Halcyonis  
inſtar.

Faith  
appeares unto him  
affording him Comfort



Behold the lambe  
of God. et Joh. 1. 29.



Tanquam  
Aquila.

Hope  
Seconds that Comfort  
Charity  
Promiſeth him in  
this vaile of Miſſery  
to cover all his ſinfull  
Sins w<sup>th</sup> white Robe  
of Mercy, & Conduſt  
him ſaſſy to ſ Kingdom  
of Glory.



The lambe ſlaine from the  
beginning et Rev. 13. 8.

By Io: Hall

London  
Printed for Wi<sup>th</sup>. Sheares  
1651



TO THAT  
IMMACULATE  
LAMBE  
*CHRIST JESVS;*  
THE  
SOLE SAVIOUR AND  
RECEIVER OF EVERY  
PENITENT SINNER;  
HATH THIS  
POORE PILGRIM,  
HUMBLY HERE  
PRESENTED  
THESE HIS *PENITEN-*  
*TIAL TEARES.*

TO THAT  
IMMACULATE  
LAMB  
CHRIST  
THE

SOLE SAVIOUR AND  
RECEIVER OF EVERY  
PENITENT SINNER;  
WASH THIS

POOR PILGRIM,  
HUMBLY HERE

PRESENTED  
THAT HIS PENITENT  
TALL TOWER



# The Summe, or Graduall Symptome of the Penitent PILGRIM.

## CHAP. I.

**U** He poore Penitent Pil-  
grim bewoones his present  
sinfull condition.

**H**is coming into Idumaea; the  
companions hee consoled with  
there.

**H**ow his owne Meniey, became his  
deadliest Enemy.

**H**is encounters with the world.

**H**is Combat with the flesh.

**W**hat Assaults hee suffered by  
the



## The Table.

the Divell, both in company  
and privacy.

7.

Three Engines by his spiri-  
tuall Enemy reared, that his  
Fort might be razed.

8.

The Concupiscence of the flesh.

9.

The Concupiscence of the eye

10.

The pride of life.

11.

How neither the Law of Nature  
nor Grace, could call him home  
from his wandring course.

12.

Hee takes a view of the whole  
Decalogue, and hee scarce finds  
in it one Commandement,  
wherein either in part or in all,  
hee has not beene a most grie-  
vous Delinquent.

13.

Hee examines himselfe touching  
the

## The Table.

*the First Commandement.*

14

*His breach of the Law touching  
the Second Commandement.*

15

*His transgressing of the Third in  
prophaning Gods name.*

16

*His dishonour to Gods Sabbath.*

17

*Hee confesseth how this bloody  
issue of sin, streamed forth like-  
wise into a breach of the se-  
cond Table; and first of disor-  
bedience to his parents.*

18

*His contempt of the second, in his  
practising mischief against his  
Neighbour.*

19

*His contempt of the Third, in  
playing the Wanton.*

20

*His breach of the Fourth, in his*

A 5

cun-

## The Table.

*cunning defeating of his Neighbour.*

21

*His breach of the Fifth, in suppressing testimonies to witnesse a truth; or suborning witnesses to maintaine an untruth.*

22

*His dis-esteem of the Sixt and last, in coveting what was anothers; and desiring to increase his owne with the losse of others.*

23

*Hee takes a view of those seven spirituall works of mercy: and acknowledgeth his failings in each of them.*

24

*Teaching the ignorant.*

25

*Correcting the delinquent.*

26

*Counselling the indigent.*

27

## The Table.

11

27

Comforting the afflicted.

28

Suffering injuries patiently.

29

Forgiving offences heartily.

30

Praying for his Persecutors fervently.

31

Hee takes the like view of those seven corporall works of mercy, and acknowledgeth likewise his failings in each of them.

32

Feeding the hungry.

33

Giving drinke to the thirsty.

34

Harbouring the harbourlesse.

35

Cloathing the naked.

36

Visiting the sick.

37

## The Table.

37

Visiting & redeeming the captiue.

38

Burying the dead.

39

With sorrow of heart he remembers those eight Beatitudes, whereof hee hath deprived himselfe, by giving entertainment to sin.

40

Blessed are the poore in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heauen.

41

Blessed are the meeke, for they shall possesse the Earth.

42

Blessed are they that mourne, for they shall be comforted.

43

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

44

Blessed are the mercifull, for they shall obtaine mercy.

45

## The Table.

45

Blessed are the cleane in heart, for  
they shall see God.

46

Blessed are the Peace-makers, for  
they shall be called the children  
of God.

47

Blessed are they that suffer perse-  
cution for righteousnesse sake,  
for theirs is the kingdome of  
heaven.

48

How seven Guests, under a colour  
of lodging with him, sought his  
undoing.

49

Bride.

50

Couetousnesse.

51

Lechery:

52

Envy.

53

Gluttony.

54



## The Table.

54

*Wrath.*

55

*Sloth.*

56

*How by their treacherous assault,  
his Cinque ports become en-  
dangered.*

57

*Sight.*

58

*Hearing.*

59

*Smell.*

60

*Taste.*

61

*Touch.*

62

*Being thus encompassed with dan-  
ger, hee prepares himselfe for  
prayer.*

63

*He repeats the Lords prayer, and  
in*

# The Table.

*in every particular he finds himselfe a great Offender.*

64

*Hee renders a private accompt of his Faith: and in every Article of the Creed, he finds a fainting, failing, weaknesse and want.*

65

*Having thus examined himselfe, and found in the whole course of his life, a fainting in faith, and failing in works: He recalls to mind those Quatuor Novissima, or Four last Remembrances; Memorials howrely necessary for all Christians.*

66

*Death.*

67

*\* Judgement.*

68

*Hell.*

69

*Heaven.*

\* *Eunſta  
que ſunt ad-  
duſer Dom.  
in iudicium.  
Eccleſ. 12.  
Reddituri  
ſumus ratio-  
nem de cogi-  
tationibus  
noſtris.*

*Sap 1.*

*De omnibus  
verbis.*

*Mat. 12.*

*De operibus  
noſtris.*

*2 Cor. 5.*

## The Table.

70

*With the Remembrance of these ;  
He becomes afflicted in spirit.*

71

*Faith appears unto him with a  
cheerfull presence , affording  
him comfort in his affliction.*

72

*Hope seconds that comfort.*

73

*\* Charity promiseth him in this  
vaile of misery, to cover all his  
scarlet finnes with the white  
robe of mercy : and by keeping  
her company, conduct him safe-  
ly to the kingdome of glory.*

74

*He takes comfort ; And now wea-  
ried with sojourning longer in  
Idumæa, he turns to Canaan.*

\*Signant se  
omnes signo  
crucis, re-  
spondent  
omnes A-  
men, cantant  
omnes At-  
letata, bap-  
tizantur om-  
nes, ecclesia-  
rum pietates  
implent, non  
discernun-  
tur filii Dei  
a filiis Dia-  
boli nisi in  
charitate.  
Vid. Aug.

75

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The Table.

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75

*The poore penitent Pilgrims last  
Will and Testament.*

---

*His Funerall Obsequies.*

---

The

---

The Table.

22

The best present Religion is  
will and Testament.

His General Opinion.

The



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## The Pilgrims Prayer.

---

**U** Ooke upon me, (deare Fa-  
ther thy poore Peni-  
tent Pilgrim. I confesse, Lord,  
I confesse, that if thou shouldst  
deale with mee according to  
my iniquity, there were no hope  
at all left to me of mercy. For  
what houre in all my life, since  
my first entrance into this life,  
wherein I have not in some  
manner or measure, way or have  
all measure, become a grievous  
transgressor? But there is  
mercy



## | The Pilgrims Prayer.

mercy with thee, and therefore are thou feared; meantime I of all others, have greatest cause to feare for abusing thy mercy. I have plentnously tasted of thy love; and considering it, I have many times resolved to become a faithfull convert and zealous observer of thy Law. But these faire promises clased in a weak performance; No sooner was there the least opportunity offered me of sinning, then it found in me an easie impression. Pregnant was I in conceiving, prompt in consenting, and prone in committing. Yet Lord when I was going down even to the gates of hell, lest I should enter in, thou held me. And when I drew neere  
the

## The Pilgrims Prayer. |

the gates of death, lest they  
should receive me, thy grace  
prevented me. Whence I per-  
ceived, by the influence of thy  
sweet Spirit, whereby I became  
enlightened, that whensoever I  
fell, it was through my owne  
frailty, but whensoever I rose, it  
was through thy great mercy.  
Yea, I found thee ready in eve-  
ry opportunity, to afford me thy  
helping hand in my greatest  
necessity. When I wandred, thou  
recalled me: when I was igno-  
rant, thou instructed me: when  
I sinned, thou corrected mee:  
when I sorrowed, thou comfort-  
ed me: when I fell, thou rais-  
ed me: when I stood, thou  
supported mee: when I went,  
thou directed me: when I slept,  
thou kept me: when I cried, thou  
heard

## The Pilgrims Prayer.

Eccles. 12.

3.

heard me. Nay, shall I more fully declare thy goodnesse towards me? If, after these few but evill dayes of my pilgrimage; even now, when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strongmen bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and they waxe darke that looke out by the windowes; if I say, after these many, too many mispent dayes, I abuse thy gracious patience no more with fruitlesse delaies, but with my whole heart repent me for offending thee, thou forthwith sparest me: if I returne, thou receivest me: nay, if I deferre my returne: so my delay make me not presume, thou waitest for me. Thus doth thy mercy re-  
claime

## The Pilgrims Prayer.

claime me straying, invite me  
withstanding, expect me fore-  
flowing, embrace me returning.  
Thus hast thou taught me when  
I was ignorant, comforted me  
when I was desolate, raised mee  
from ruine, restored me after my  
falling, bestowed on mee beg-  
ging, found by me seeking, and  
opened to me knocking.

And shall I bee forgetfull of  
these? Nay, Lord, let my right  
hand sooner forget her cun-  
ning, nay, may I rather become  
razed out of the Booke of the  
living, then I become forget-  
full of thy gracious dealing.  
I will returne then unto thee  
with a sorrowfull heart, but  
with wings of hope, because  
from thee commeth my helpe.

I know, Lord, Because of  
unrigh-

## The Pilgrims Prayer.

Eccles 10.  
8.

unrighteous dealing, and  
wrongs, and riches got-  
ten by deceit, the Kingdom  
is translated from one peo-  
ple to another.

*Deare Lord, great fins re-  
quire deepe sighes, as I have  
beene infinite in sinning, may  
I be incessant in sorrowing;  
that sowing in teares, I may  
reape with joy in the day of  
my translation.*

THE



# THE PENITENT PILGRIM.

## CHAP. I.

*The poore penitent Pilgrim be-  
mones his present sinfull condi-  
tion.*



Draw neer mee:  
doe not turne  
your eyes from  
mee, but looke  
upon mee; the  
poorest penitent  
Pilgrim, that ever sojourned in  
dumae. O woe is mee, that  
B my



Psal. 120. 5.

my *Habitation* is prolonged ! O woe is me, that I have dwelt so long with the *Inhabitants* of *Kedar* ! Hence it is, that mine *house* is become full of *blacknesse* ; no *Guest* but *Sorrow* lodgeth in it, because the woful'st, sinfull'st wretch that ever breathed, is the owner of it. O woe is mee, where shall I turne me ? If to *Heaven* ; my *sinnes* become as *bars*, to shut me from it. Nay, I have highly provoked his wrath, who is *commander* of it. If to *Earth* ; I find my selfe wholly unworthy that it should beare me, having already so long borne with me, by bearing with that iniquity, which it hath so long time received from me. If to *Hell* ; O there I find the full portion of my inheritance ; a place fitting to punish my wickednesse. I find *Tophet* pro-

Isa. 30.

33.

par ed

pared of *old*, and for *old* Transgressors. Such as have made an *old League* with the *Old-man*. Such as have no acquaintance with the *New-man*. And such an one am I, of all others the most miserable man; who have made my selfe an *Alien* to *Sion*, because so wholly *naturalized* to sinne. Worthily then may all the *Elements* fight against mee: Nay, all Gods *Creatures* professe themselves *Enemies* to mee, because I have *imagined mischief* in my heart, against Him who made both them and me.

Retire then sinfull soule, poor comfortlesse soule, and recollect thy selfe a little. Leave the *Company* of *men*, and hye thee to the *waters* of *Murab*. Leave the *world*, and fly into the *Wildernesse*. Let thy dwelling bee with the *Pellican* and

Exod. 15.  
23.

## The Penitent Pilgrim.

the *Ostrich* ; with the mourne-  
full *Turtle* , or the *Sparrow* on  
the *house-top*. Let thy *Musicke*  
bee as the *Chattering* of the  
*Crane*. As thine eye was the  
*sense of sinne* , so let it bee the  
*sense of sorrowing*. Never had  
poore *Pilgrim* more cause.

O my Redeemer , make me sen-  
sible of my present state.

### CHAP. 2.

His coming into *Idumæa* ; The  
companions hee consor-  
ted with there.

**Y**OUNG , and so very young  
I was when I first came in-  
to *Idumæa* ; as my tender age  
required a *Guardian* to manage  
my youth. And divers good  
and gracious *Consorts* there  
were , whom at the first I re-  
ceived into my acquaintance :  
And

And with these I lived for a little time familiarly : and bettered my selfe much by their company : But alas for griefe, I continued not long with them; Other *Companions* drew me from them. Those good and vertuous ones betooke themselves, as I thought, to a course of life too strict for my loose affection to follow. I felt the *Spirit* of *youth* ryoting within mee. Those devout tasks, which before I observed; begun now to bee intermitted. I held a sober regular life too eremiticall : private retired walkes too stoicall. I thought with my selfe, how I had staid too long in the *Tyring-house*, I must now shew my selfe upon the *Stage* ; where I played the *Prodigals part* to life : for I bestowed my whole *life* upon the action of that *part* : when I

B 3      saw

*The Penitent Pilgrim.*

saw a Thiefe, I followed him :  
and with the Adulterer I di-  
ded my portion. I bestowed  
the day in variety of follies :  
and a great part of the Night in  
a delightfull remembrance of  
those follies. Let us prepare  
our selves (said one) for the  
spoile : and I had an hand as  
ready to further it, as hee to  
demand it. Let us drinke wine  
in bowles, and carouse till our  
eyes be red ; let the day care  
for it selfe, while the day of our  
life admits no care. Let us  
take our full of pleasure, (said  
the wanton) let our delight be  
in dalliance: and I followed the  
steps of the *whorish woman* ;  
though her wayes led to death.  
And I delighted my selfe in  
the company of the Drunkard:  
yet had I read (and the more  
my sinne not to reteine) To  
*whom was woe, to whom sorrow*

to whom strife; to whom murmuring; to whom wounds without cause; and to whom rednesse of the eyes. Even to them that tarry long at the wine, to them that goe and seeke mixt wine. And I had heard too; nay my experience of others miseries, had inform'd me too. How, because of the whorish woman a man is brought to a morsell of bread, and (how) a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man. And yet I considered not these things, nor applied them to my heart: but, like the foole to the Stocks, I laughed while I perished; I sported in my misery, and knew nothing how *Ismael* played with me.

Prov. 23.  
29.30.

O my Redeemer, looke upon me in mercy, and give me a sensible apprehension of my misery.



## C H A P. 3.

*How his owne Meniey became  
his deadliest Enemy.*

**T**Oo true have I found that  
Proverbe; *Who can have a  
worse friend then he brings with  
him?* Foes I had without,  
Feares within: but my *bosome*  
*friends* I found ever to bee my  
*busiest foes*. And what lesse  
could I expect, then that my  
*bosome friends* should prove my  
deadliest Foes, being *receivers*  
and *Abettors* of my *bosome*  
*sinns*? O what disorderly pas-  
sions raged, nay rained in me?  
what divided thoughts of *hope*  
and *fear* were ever encoun-  
tring me? In my prosperity,  
feare of adversity wrought  
upon me: in my adversity, hope  
of prosperity seized on mee.

Nei-



Neither did either of these *conditions* well content me: for, as thoughts of the one made mee proud; so a conceit of the other made me impatient. Now, what hourly affronts did I suffer by my owne, while I stood thus pursued by them? I found nothing on earth worthy my desire: yet were my crawling desires so fast glued to earth, as if they had no other Heaven to aspire to. Naturall Philosophy had sufficiently taught mee in my minority, that betwixt *finite* and *infinite* there was no proportion: that my *Soule* was of too large a circumference, to be confin'd to any earthly dimension. Again, that the tri-angular heart, resembling the Image of the blessed Trinity; could no more by the circumference of the world bee confined, then a tri-angle by a

Circle was to be filled. In this, my *Speculation* had inform'd me, but the *use* and *application* of it was farre from me. Neither was it possible, that a Sconse should be secur'd from foes without, that harbour'd so many dangerous Traytors within. For my mis-guided affections (like scattred troops false off from their Captaine) committed all insolencies. Nothing found they in me, which was not exposed to their fury. Thus did my *Familiars*, and knowne Acquaintance worke upon my weaknesse; take mee with their subtilties; and lead me captive to all miseries. Yet for all this was I silent, pleasing my selfe with the impunity of a delinquent. So, I might sinne safely, and flatter my selfe with a seeming security: and promise to my selfe a long life foolishly,

lishly, because in it the most uncertainty; I could hugge my betrayer: And herein so farre was I from vindicating my wrong; as I accounted him my best friend, who had shewn himselfe privately my malicious Foe. So farre was I (I say) from revenging my selfe of him, as I sought to ingratiate my selfe with him. For the injuries I suffer'd, I was either insensible of them, or I dissembled them. I neither reprov'd him, nor shewed a displeasing count'nance towards him; though for many yeares together, Hee and his Complices had lived familiarly with me, sit at my table, received meat from my hand, slept in my bosome, conversed with me when hee pleased, and disposed of me as he liked. Thus became my *Menie* my deadliest

*Ene-*

*Enemy. O my Redeemer, I suffer violence, answer for me.*

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CHAP. 4.

*His Encounters with  
the World.*

**I** Am now to tell you how I  
enter'd Lists; and how weak  
a Combatant I proved amidst  
those encounters wherewith  
I grappled. The *Field* where I  
pitched was the *World*. A place  
full of Snares, and such as sui-  
ted all Estates. I could not see  
that place, wherein I could en-  
joy true peace. That which  
in reason should have beene my  
contempt, became my content.  
Those *May-buds* of prosperity,  
honour and humane glory  
were scattered here and there  
to take mee; and no sooner  
were

were they scene by me, then they tooke me.

That retired Cell, wherein I both enjoyed my selfe, and the contemplation of Him that made me, had now for a season beene estranged from mee. I found such *Objects* in the *World*, as I condemned my selfe for staying so long out of it. If I desired to bee *rich*, I found meanes how to purchase my ends: which, were they never so sinister, the custome was so generall, as it authoriz'd the error. Were it *Honour* that I sought after, I found a way quickly to enjoy her, though the purchase made mee an unhappy gainer. Friends I could not want, so long as I wanted no meanes: For meanes procur'd mee powerfull Friends: but all these, by an unexpected overture, clozed with unfortunate

tunate ends. For all these, because I did not employ them to that end whereto they were ordained; but put more trust in them, then in him from whom they were derived; turn'd to my undoing, which well bestowed, had beene my raising. No fight, no victory; no Conquest, no Crowne. Indeed, in the very first assault, I remember'd my Creator; and to promote his honour, I made a faire shew, as if I would have entertained the encounter: but my resolution became weakened, and discovered my temper.

O Eternity, eternity; how I forgot thee, and now forgoe thee for one poore glymple of vanity! Had I remembered what those glorious *Martyrs* suffered; how they combated; how they conquered. Had I but presented



ted to my thoughts, what encounters those noble *Virgins* endured; how they sleighted price, prayer and threats: and with their winning modesty, and resolved piety, quenched all unlawful heats. Had I recalled to mind, with what Constancy, those famous *Confessors* professed the Faith, even in the face of tyrannie: and in despite of torments confirm'd their fidelity: O then, poore *Pilgrim*, thou wouldst have holden all these encounters with the *World* light: and, in the discomfiture of them, shewne thy selfe a Christian: whereas now in thy defeat thou hast acquitted thy selfe like a weake Champion.

*O thou Lion of the Tribe of Iuda fight for me: for weake am I, unless thou defend me: strong am I, if thou shield me.*



## CHAP. 5.

*His Combate with the Fleſh.*

**P**Roud *Philistine*, how thou  
 insultest over me! Is there  
 no end of thy malice? no  
 bound to thy fury? Wilt thou  
 still *Dominere* over thy *Mis-*  
*treſſe*: and be a *Commander* of  
 thy *Soveraigneſſe*? Remember  
 how thou wert made to be a  
*Servant* and no *Miſtreſſe*: a  
*Subject* and no *Princeſſe*. Im-  
 perious *Agar*, doe me not this  
 diſhonour. I have a noble *Guest*  
 which thou haſt long time  
 wronged: one who was full of  
 beauty, before thou blemiſhed  
 it: of a gracefull preſence, be-  
 fore thou diſfigur'd it. O tell  
 me, thou unthankfull one, how  
 comes it, that thou ſhouldeſt  
 thus diſhonour her by whom  
 thou

thou livest ; disparage her by whom thou breathest ? Pray thee, vile and stinking Carrion, hast thou life from thy selfe, or from an other ? If from an other, why dost thou not tender her that honour that may become her, and make thee worthy of her ? O whither wouldst thou hale mee, thou hatefull intruder ! what have I received from thee but misery : and shall I now incline unto thee, who have bin so oft-times deceived by thy folly ? Withhold those sinfull embraces from me : they have already undone mee, let them not intangle me in more misery. O that I were stript of thee ; or that I had loathed those delights which thou suggested to me ! O why did I so tenderly cocker thee, thou balefull Cockatrice ! And why did I not crush the  
the

Bern. Med.  
cap. 15:

the Serpent in the Egge ! why did I not shun the occasion of sinning, and so prevent the meanes of my undoing ! O what had I from thee but Sin ! And what other fruit brought Sin forth but death ! whence camest thou O my *Flesh*, O my Darling Foe : & from whence was thy beginning ? From Clay, vile Clay was thy Creation : from whence I received every clammy and earthy affection. Thou drew my thoughts from Heaven to Earth ; that I might be more like thy selfe, who tookest thy materiall Creation from earth.

Ib. cap. 3.

O my *Soule*, pretious *Soule*, (if thy knewest the estimate of thy price) thou, I say, who art with Gods Image adorned, with his Similitude beautified, by Faith to him espoused, with his Spirit endowed, with his blood redde-

redeemed, with his Angells numbred, made capable of happinesse, inheritour of goodnesse, partaker of reason, commaunder of passion, what hast thou to doe with this *Flesh*, from whom thou sufferest so many evils? By meanes of the *Flesh*, are *strange sinnes* imputed to thee; sins of her own hatching; sinnes which thy purer condition should have so highly hated, as nothing could relish thee lesse then to be so accounted. By her, that looke *Libertine*, thy fleshly *Idumaan*, are thy works of righteousness accompted as a *menstruous Cloath*; by her, art thou brought to nothing; esteemed as a vaine thing, and in manner nothing: For, tell me, O tell me, poore deluded *Soule*, what other thing is this *Flesh*, whose society thou seemest so highly  
to

to tender, but meere foame made *Flesh* and cloathed with fraile honour? But shouldest thou consider, O my *Soule*, what will become of her; how, after *Death*, her honour shall lye in the dust: how shee shall be stinking Carrion full of misery and corruption, meate for wormes. Againe, how neatly so ever shee seeme now trick-ed, trimmed and tyred, shee is no more but *Flesh*: and that *Flesh*, and the beauty thereof as the *flower* of the *field*. Againe, wouldest thou but consider her present condition, as thou hast already heard of her Originall corruption: and read an *Anatomy Lecture* on her beauty, to allay the heat of thy fancy. Wouldst thou, I say, but consider with a cleare and dis-interessed eye, what goeth out by the mouth, nostrills, and other passages of the  
the

the body, thou wouldest soone  
confesse that thou never lookst  
upon a more stinking Dung-  
hill. Againe, shouldest thou but  
reckon up all her miseries; how  
shee is loaden with sinnes, sur-  
prized with passions, polluted  
with illusions, prone alwayes  
to all manner of evill, and ad-  
dicted to al vice, thou wouldest  
find thereby meanes of this  
staine of sinne, full of all con-  
fusion and shame. For, by com-  
pany of this flesh, became man  
like unto vanity, because from  
it, and none but it drew man  
that staine of concupiscence, by  
which he became attached, at-  
tainted, so wholly crooked and  
corrupted, as he set his love on  
nothing but vanity, practised  
nothing but workes of iniqui-  
ty. O leave to love her then,  
whose love is thy losse, estrange  
thee from her wayes: for  
her



her pathes lead unto death.

And now give mee leave to  
talke a little with thee, O my  
*Flesh* ! And first resolve mee, if  
ever I came into any place,  
wherein I could promise to  
my selfe peace. In this popu-  
lous Citie, I cannot take my  
walke in any street, wherein I  
am not subject to bee taken by  
thy deceit. Thou sendest forth  
those two *Light Spies*, to pur-  
vey and bring in Objects of  
lust; by these am I wounded,  
by these doe I suffer a continual  
*Combat*. Neither are these  
wounds cured, now when my  
youth has left mee; when  
these daily Messengers of death  
summon me. For, though I bee  
neerer my *Grave*, I am nothing  
richer in *Grace*. Though those  
follies of my youth have now  
left me, (and woe is mee that I  
did not leave them before they  
left



left me) yet other aged maladies grow strong in me; against which I must prepare my selfe for the encounter, or I am undone for ever. Would you heare what my distempers are? They are these: Though few bee my houres; hoary my haire: yet am I as numerous in my worldly cares, as if I were but even now entring into the world. I cannot without an envious eye see my Neighbours field flourish; others prosperity gives me occasion of repining: others adversity grounds of rejoycing. Honour I would have, yet can I hardly support my selfe, much lesse that Honor which is conferred on me

Alas, poore mouldred earth! Now, when I carry about me, such constant Companions of my mortality! when Aches, Cramps, and Coughes are my  
ages

ages livery! Now, when *Death* waits at the Wicket, and bids me come away, and leave the world, seeing it is weary of me: and fit me for my shrowding sheet, being all that is left me; yet have I a moneths mind to be greater, or richer, or more eminent in the eye of the World, as if I could dispense with age, or make a truce with death.

Thus am I encountred with new temptations: Night and day am I beleagred: nor can I find any rest; so fierce and furious is this Combatant my *Flesh*. O how justly then may I complaine of this my household enemy! And how may I escape her subtilty! It is her *Delicacy* that has undone me: for by *pampering* her, have I *famished* my selfe: I tooke pity of her weaknesse, and I che-  
rished

rish'd her : and behold now I  
am abused by her ! Shee has  
wounded mee with her eye ;  
no, with both her eyes has shee  
surpriz'd mee. For with her  
*right eye* she shew'd me *prosper-*  
*ity*, and by inclining to her,  
caused me to commit idolatry.  
And with her *left eye* shee  
darted *adversity* at mee, and so  
made me murmur against him  
that made me. O how I feele  
my selfe now failing and fal-  
ling to earth ; yet how are my  
thoughts so glued to earth, as if  
they had no other place to  
thinke on ! O my God from  
the depth of thy mercy, looke  
upon the depth of my misery !  
thou knowest my necessity, let  
me not become a prey to mine  
enemy.

*Sweet Iesu, thou hast taught my  
fingers to fight, give mee the ma-  
stery in this combat with my flesh.*

## CHAP. 6.

*What assaults be suffer'd by the  
Divell, both in company,  
and privacy.*

**O** Thou envious one, was it not sufficient for thee to lose thy selfe by thy *Pride*: but like a cruell cunning *Nimrod*, haunt day and night after innocent blood. Thou art for ever lost, and thou wouldst have my poore soule in the same state. And to bring thy purpose about, thou hast practised with people of my owne family, to betray my *Fort* unto the Enemy. Thou hast winnowed me: and as thou found mee affected, thou wrought upon me. Thou had *baites* in store for every soule, to take him napping in his Darling sinne. If

If thou foundst him labor of that birth wherein thou perished, thou couldst suggest to him thoughts of his owne abilities; bring him to a disdain of others. Tell him, the State did not take sufficient notice of his worth. Advise him to hold an higher opinion of himselfe; and by contemning others; to raise his owne estimate. But whereto ayme all these trains? to undoe him; for, being fed with these conceits, he begins to aspire to places of honour; wherein being crossed of his hopes, he falls into discontent, which clozeth the unhappy Scene of his life in misery and contempt. Or, deprived of what hee once enjoyed, and to an unexpected thraldome confined, with the heavy memory of his former felicity, and present misery, hee either lives

desperately encountred with those affrighting thoughts of danger, or takes his leave at once both of life and honour.

Againe, if thou foundst him *Covetous*, thou hadst *Achans* wedge, and *Gebaza's* treasure in readinesse for him: Hee shall have his *desires* and a *Le-prosie* to boot. If *riotous*, the *Rich-mans* table could not bee better furnished, his delicious and liquorish appetite must bee satisfied: nothing wanting that may tend to surfetting, but with those *Rioters* before the *Flood*, hee little knowes how neare hee is perishing. If *lascivious*, his flesh must want no provocation, to bring this deluded Minion to destruction. Fancies by night, and more visible Objects by day, are sent forth to seaze on his heart, and make him forgetfull of God.

If



If *Passionate*, hee shall find motives enough to inrage him ; nothing hee sees can content him. Fury is in his eyes , and revenge in his heart. Many waters cannot quench this heat : for hee aymes at nothing but death. If *Envious*, others successie finds him matter enough to worke on. It is hard to say, whether his own gaine or others losse please him better. Those walkes in faire flourishing fields which are made to recreate others , are justly made to macerate himselfe. For to see his Neighbours ground prosper , begets in him a distemper. If *loathfull* , the Summer-beames , though they shine never so gloriously upon him, must not rouse him : there is an *Adder* in the way , yet a little , and then a little , makes him forget his poverty. If Hea-



ven may be got by security, he may be secure of eternity. But the purchase of Heaven is no such easie taske. Thus thou profest Enemy of man-kind, assaultst me: and according to every occasion, preparest thy temptation. And of all others, I poore Pilgrim, became in these most miserable. For well knew thy subtilty my weaknesse and infirmity. Whence it was, that finding me no less ready to assent, then thou to assault, thou madest my owne Family thy Garrison to keepe that precious Fort which thou hadst wonne from me. Thus by my not resisting temptation but yeelding to it, I rather vanquish'd my selfe, then was vanquish'd by it.

O my deare Iesu, be thou neare me, that I may redeeme the time which

*which is left me. Braise thou the  
head of this Serpent, that he may  
have the foile, I the victory, thou  
the glory.*

CHAP. 7.

*Three Engines by his spirituell  
Enemy reared, that his Fort  
might be razed.*

**T**His enemy, as his owne  
nature has made him cru-  
ell: so the long exercise of his  
malice has made him subtil.  
Engines therefore he prepares  
to skale the wals: and batter  
downe those *strong Holds*,  
which stand against him.  
Where he finds the least breach,  
hee applies his instruments.  
Delay hee cannot endure: nor  
will hee admit of any parley,  
where he finds the least weak-

ness in the besieged party. It is not his use to hang out any *White Banner*, or to give a yeelding Foe any *quarter*.

Now call thy selfe to mind poore Pilgrim, and examine thy selfe, what thou hast done in this fearefull encounter! How didst thou furnish thy selfe within, to repell the Enemies fury without? Didst thou fly to that Sanctuary of a troubled soule, by offering up the sweet incense of humble devotion to the *Tower* of thy *strength*, the *Horne* of thy *salvation*? Didst thou imitate that devout *Bethulian*, in sending forth the voyce of thy prayer, that Christian sacrifice of supplication? Didst thou prepare thy selfe against the assault? Were't thou carefull of thy spirituall provision? Didst thou *fast* and *pray*, that thou mightst

mightst not enter into temptation? Were those *Allyes* thou hadst within thee, true unto thee? Did not those on whom thou relyed, betray thee? yes; deare Lord, I must confesse it: I was betrayed by my owne, to my shame. But alas, had these stood for me, all this had little availed me; for I was such an Enemy to my selfe, as I would have betrayed my selfe, had I neither suffered the assaults of heavy Friends within me, nor open Foes without me. O how soundly slept I, while my ghostly Enemy stood at the gate ready to enter in upon me? Watchfull was he in seeking to surprize me; but carelesse was I in labouring to prevent his subtilty. O how well knew hee how to get ground upon me! How subtilly lay hee his snares to catch mee? Hee be-

came familiar, by his too long acquaintance with me, and presented to mee whatsoever hee thought would soonest take me. If at any time by the motion of Gods Spirit, I entertained any good resolution; if I purposed to amend my life; and to strengthen these holy motions, prepared my selfe for devotion; to the end that He, who had begun this good worke in me, might likewise perfect it in me. When, I say, I had shut the doore of my heart from worldly cares: and had now begun to offer the sacrifice of my weake devotions to the Throne of Grace, that I might redeeme the lives I had lost, and returne with honour to my Grave. Woe is me! even amidst these holy resolves, came that subtle Serpent, and reared *three* strong Engines against

against the *Fort* of my soule.  
Strong were they, and cunningly contrived: so as, though they were raised for my undoing; they seemed to me wondrous pleasing: so foolishly gave I way to my destruction.

*O my sweet Redeemer, looke downe upon me with the eye of thy mercy! let not my Enemy prevaile against me, though he pitch his Tents, and cast his Banks about me; God will be good unto Israel; even to me, the poorest wandering sleepe that ever was received into the Fold of Israel.*

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CHAP. 8.

*The Concupiscence of  
the flesh.*

**T**HIS was the very first Engine which my spirituall Enemy

*Enemy* reared against me. And this, I must confesse, made a breach quickly through the *windowes* of my *Fort*. O how willingly did I desire to perish? Though I saw mine enemies joyning their powers together utterly to lay me waste; their presence was delightfull to me. I invited them to sojourn with me. Neither did this *Concupiscence* want wooing termes to winne me, who was wonne already; nor to plead to me what interest shee had in mee: seeing shee was conceived and borne with me; and from the very first time I came into the world, consoorted with me. I am, saith shee, thy Play-fellow. The houres of thy Pilgrimage would seem long without me. Therefore am I given thee, to allay those miseries which attend thee.

Doc.



Doe not then so estrange thy  
selfe from mee, nor refuse her  
familiarity who can so fully  
delight thee. Looke upon mee,  
and see if there bee nothing in  
me, that may please thee I say,  
looke every where about thee,  
and see if ought could content  
thee, if I were absent from  
thee ! As thou art the *Fleshes*  
*Guest*, so am I the *Fleshes Dar-*  
*ling*. Shee, with whom thou  
dwellest, under whose rooſe  
thou sojourneſt ; would hold  
this *World* a *Wildernesse* : and  
every *Creature* in it, as a *Peli-*  
*can* of the *Deſart*, were not I  
to cheere her while ſhe lives in  
it. Doe not then leave mee,  
ſeeing thou canſt not live with-  
out me. I have variety of  
pleaſures to reſreſh thee,  
leſt the enjoyment of one  
ſhould cloy thee. I have freſh  
fragrant Gardens for thee to  
walke

walke in ; faire goodly Build-  
ings for thee to plant in ; plea-  
sant sights to delight thine eye ;  
sweet ayres to please thine eare ;  
odoriferous soots to cheer thy  
smell ; dainty cates to feed thy  
taste ; choice embraces to con-  
tent thy touch. Wouldst thou  
have Honour ? I have *Favou-  
rites* will seaze thee of her.  
Wouldst thou have wealth ? I  
can bestow on thee abundance  
of treasure. Wouldst thou be-  
stow the remainder of thy time  
in delights ? Enjoy me , and  
with mee all worldly pleasure.  
Come then , and set thy selfe  
wholly on me , while thou art  
in the world : seeing without  
me thy life were misery ; the  
World a Cell rest of all Com-  
pany.

Thus with prophane prayers,  
and treacherous teares did this  
*Concupiscence* of the flesh work  
upon

upon me: and I inclined mine  
care to her folly: so as this En-  
gine made the first Entry.

O in mercy looke downe upon me,  
O my sweet Saviour! for that  
precious flesh of thine, which was  
nayled on the Crosse, give mee  
grace to crucifie my flesh: O let  
not sinne raigne in my mortall  
body: but give me power to sub-  
due it for my soules health and  
thy glory.

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CHAP. 9.

The Concupiscence of  
the eyes.

O Whither doe you haile  
me, yee false spies! what  
wrong have I done you, that  
you should thus abuse me? yee  
lay your trains for me in every  
place;

place; wheresoever I walke, I can find no peace. For can there be any peace to the wicked? So long as I give eare to your enchantments; So long as I suffer my eyes to be led by you, what comfort may I reap, or what peace may I expect? *Dinab* followed you, and she was ravished: and behold while I suffer my selfe to be led by such blind guides, what else can I looke for, but to be deprived of mine honour? O yee *straying eyes*, how soone were you casting forth your fiery darts to surprize those who inclin'd to you? *Paradise* could not be secured from you: nor those two sole inhabitants free themselves from being wounded by you. *Eve* saw the fruit, and it was pleasant. Bitter pleasure to bereave them & their posterity of such an inheritance for ever!

And

And what doe I, poor *Pilgrim*, but deprive my selfe of all happinesse, by giving way to your concupiscence? I have lived in many places, and conversed with men of all conditions : and I found in persons of every quality, a naturall pronenesse unto vanity : but examining whence the grounds of those vanities came, I found them proceeding from you ; from you, those in-lets to all dis-obedience. For were not you the cause ; those who are now proud, contemning others, and magnifying themselves above the condition of earth, from whence they came, would learne humility. Those, who are now covetous, thinking that the earth has not enough to fill their mouthes, would be contented. Those who now give way to wrath, would put  
on

on the spirit of mee'kenesse, and  
learne to bee patient. Those,  
who are now eaten up with  
envy, by wishing to others as  
to themselves, would be chari-  
tably disposed. Those, who  
now riot out their time in the  
dainties and delicacies of earth,  
would bee more temperate.  
Those, who now impane  
their honour to the Harlot,  
would be more continēt. Those,  
who now spin out their time  
in security, would bee better  
employed. Oh sigh and groane  
poore unhappy *Pilgrim*, take  
thy selfe now into the ballance;  
weigh and examine thy selfe.  
Let not one houre passe over  
thee without a sigh; not a  
minute without a sob. Take  
away the force of this *Engine*,  
this fearefull *Basiliske*, with  
incessant Rivers of teares :  
Thou hast yet a little time left  
thee ;

thee ; bestow not one moment of it , but to Gods glory. See how every minute thou art nearer unto death ; how those Messengers of the Grave tell thee thou canst not live long. There is not the least grain of sand which passeth through this Crevit of thine houre-Glasse, but may assure thee that thou art hastning on to the Sepulcher of thy Fathers. Canst thou then find any time to game , play and sport thy selfe in *Idleness* : seeing, there is no way secure from snares ; no place that may promise peace? Where , if there bee any pleasures, they are full of vanity : or, exceeding to an higher measure of ill , they are nursed by iniquity. Take them at the best, they are mutable , because subject to frailty ; but take them at the worst, they are miserable,



serable, because they deprive us of glory.

O benigne Iesu, my sweet Redeemer, quench these desires of my flesh; and refresh me with the delights of thy spirit. Let not the lust of the eyes have any power over me: but exercise thine in thy Love. O my deare one; bee not farre from me, for if thou leave mee, what shall become of me?

#### CHAP. 10.

#### The pride of life.

Poore pride! what hast thou in thee that may please thee? what good thing that may praise thee? Can the Leopard pride himselfe in his spots: or the Swan in her black feet? What

What hast thou, which thou hast not received : and if received, to whom is the glory to be rendered? Thou hast nothing of thy selfe but sinne, and sinne begets shame. What shame is it then to magnifie thy selfe in sinne? Shall thine *Horse* or thy *Speare* save thee? or shall the strength of an Hoast deliver thee? Looke upon that vile *matter*, whereof thou wert made! Poore dust and ashes was thy moulding; and to dust and ashes must be thy returning. Is this cover of flesh, such a dainty thing to glory in? Must not the beauty thereof turne to rottennesse and corruption: and the glory thereof sleepe in the dust? Must not that faire front be pilled, and her beauty pillaged? Must not those sparkling lights, which, sometimes made others prisoners

ners: or which made thy selfe  
a prisoner by their wanton-  
nesse, become Lodges, forlorne  
Lodges for wormes? Must  
not that face, now so phantasti-  
cally in-laid with *Love-spots*,  
become an horror to the be-  
holder? Must not every part  
or parcell of that goodly piece,  
that faire building, fall into  
ruine, irreparable ruine? No-  
thing then, poore *Pilgrim*,  
canst thou find without thee,  
wherein thou maist justly pride  
thee. Looke inward then;  
and see if thou canst find any  
thing there that may procure  
thee favour in the presence of  
the Almighty, by approving  
thee a fitting Instrument of his  
glory. Ah me poore sinfull  
wretch! what mountaines  
of heavy-pressing sinnes doe I  
feele, ever ready to sink down  
this surcharged vessell of my  
soule!

soule ! I begun no sooner to  
live, then to love sinne. No  
sooner to breath, then breath  
forth the infection of sinne.  
The world receiv'd me no soo-  
ner for a dweller, then she ad-  
mitted me for a sinner. Some-  
times, indeed, when so much  
grace was given mee, I com-  
muned with mine own heart:  
and begun to examine my selfe  
what I had done, " what  
" works of mercy hast thou  
" performed ? what actions of  
" perfect obedience hast thou  
" expressed ? Bring forth that  
" poor man, whom for Christs  
" sake thou hast clothed. That  
" hungry-starv'd soule, whom  
" for his precious sake thou hast  
" relieved. Werest thou so  
" poore as thou couldst not doe  
" it ? Hadst thou not so much  
" as one single mite, nor one  
" cuppe of cold water to bestow  
on

“on Christs members ! Blush ;  
“ O blush thou wretched Pil-  
“grim ! Thou hadst change  
“and choice of cloathes , and  
“these in thy Wardroabe must  
“lye rotting ; or to *Moaths*  
“become feeding. Thou hadst  
“oyle and meale in thy Pit-  
“cher ; yea , thy store-houses  
“surfeted of plenty : and thy  
“wine-presses groaned in their  
“fulnesse : yet must the hun-  
“gry soule perish , rather then  
“be relieved ; The thirsty die,  
“ere hee bee refreshed ; The  
“naked be utterly starved , ere  
“hee be cloathed. Look then  
“and take a full view of thine  
“*inward man* ; and see if there  
“be any thing in him , that may  
“justifie thee by him ! Sift  
“and search him ; the more  
“thou shalt discover him : the  
“more thou shalt be ashamed  
“of him. Whence then thy

pride ?

*pride ? whence thy vaine-glory ?*  
Resolve thy selfe to teares ; fall  
prostrate before the Throne of  
grace. If thou have a desire to  
be like thy Saviour ; love *hu-*  
*mility*, it is the best badge of  
Christian honour. In whom-  
soever dwelleth the *pride* of  
*life* ; that soule cannot dwell in  
Christs love. These are seve-  
rall lodgings , and are reserved  
for severall persons.

*O my Redeemer, give me a per-*  
*fect knowledge of my present condi-*  
*tion ; that by it I may learne true*  
*humiliation. Let not the hand of*  
*the sinner move me , nor the foot*  
*of pride draw neare mee. Hee*  
*knowes not himselfe, that can bee*  
*proud : Oh keepe me from being*  
*prond, that I may know my selfe.*

## CHAP. II.

*How neither the Law of Nature  
nor of Grace could call him  
home from his wan-  
dring course.*

**T**He wild *Asse* which run-  
neth here and there, and  
*suffeth* the wind in the *wilder-  
nesse*; was a tame and servicea-  
ble Creature, in comparison of  
me, a Runnagate to my Fathers  
house, and a most rebellious sin-  
ner. Wee account that Sub-  
ject, who owes allegiance to  
his Prince, not fitting to live,  
if hee at any time practise a-  
gainst him: and worthily doe  
wee so account him. Woe is  
me! what have I then deser-  
ved? Many yeares are now  
gone and past, since I left my  
Fathers house; since I divided  
my



my portion with Harlots; since I rebelled against my Prince; that Prince of Princes. Meanes had hee made; and sundry Messengers had hee sent to recall me. Hee opened unto me the *Law of Nature*; and there hee shewed before my face, and unto my shame: what Justice and Temperance, what Moderation and Continnence; what excellent morall vertues appeared even in those who were Heathens, and knew no God. These onely pertak't some weake glimpses of a naturall light: They knew not what *Eternity* meant: nor where that *Heavenly City* was to bee found: yet hated these to wrong one another: or to doe to another what they would not have done by an other to themselves. These loved goodness without hope of reward.

Their ambitio<sup>n</sup> was only to be remembered after death: or by their commendable lives leave to others examples how to live. Yet were all their *vertues* but *splendid vices*; nay, meerly sin; because whatsoever is not of *faith*, is *sin*.

From these then, taking me by the hand, he brought me to the *Law of Grace*: Where he shewed me what wondrous things he had done for mee. How, though I was bound, infinitely bound unto his Majesty. Even by the *Law of Nature*, for my creation: in distinguishing me from all others; nay, in setting me above all others: & in giving me a command over all others: yet had it bin nothing to have created me, had he not likewise redeemed me: lost I was, and eternally lost: & he spared not his own to make me one of his own. Nor had al this sufficed me:

(for

(for ever was I failing and falling:) had he not likewise sent his Holy Spirit to preserve me from a finall falling. And now what heart so hard, whom these many benefits would not soften? And yet I (the more miserable I) carelesse of my owne state, or what may hereafter befall my poore sinfull soule, have not beene as yet either *allured* with his *mercies*, or *awaked* with his *judgements*. I had a *Law* in my *Members* that foolishly sent forth her *Prohibition* to stay proceedings in all other *Courts*. I applied my eare to the Cimball and to the Timbrell: I tooke my fulnesse of pleasure in sinne. No sense could take delight in any Object, wherein I strove not to satisfie her appetite. Thus did I transgresse the *Law* of *Nature*, and by that meanes made my selfe worse then an

Heathen. Thus did I reject the motions of Grace, and so dishonour'd the style of a Christian.

O my good Shepherd, call this thy lost sheep now back from wandering. Bring him to thy Sheepfold, where hee may find plentiful refreshing. Write thy Law in his heart. Let it be as a Frontlet unto his eyes; As a chaine to his neck; As a bracelet to his arme: Let him looke into it, and as in a Glasse, correct himselfe by it. O teach me thy Law, that my soule may take delight in it, and live.

CHAP.

CHAP. 12.

*He takes a view of the whole  
Decalogue, and hee scarce finds  
in it one Commandement,  
wherein either in part or  
in all, he has not bene  
a most grievous  
sinner.*

**V**V Ho would not think  
it strange, that any  
one should forget what the  
very sight of himselfe might  
make him remember? I can  
neither looke upon mine *bands*  
nor *feet*, but their number and  
account might cause me to call  
to mind that *sacred number*  
which was delivered to *Moses*  
in the Mount. But admit I  
should lay this *Holy Decalogue*  
aside in mine *owne house*, my  
private family: yet when at  
D 4 any

any time I come into *Gods house*, my very care cannot chuse but bring it to my memory. The view whereof is heavy to mee. For what one *Commandement* in all that *Decalogue*, which in part or in all proves mee not an high delinquent? A grievous sinner, and what is worse, a slow Repenter! O when that Booke shall be opened; and my sinfull life compared to what is in it! when this marke of distinction shall be set over my head: *Behold the man and his workes!* O how full of shame and confusion shall I stand before that just Iudge of the ten Tribes! when that Lord of Lords, that great God of Hosts, who is powerfull in revenge, when he sees the malice of men to abound; when hee shall *shout* in the *clouds*; when hee shall  
come



come openly; when his fury shall break silence; when round about him a fire shall burne, and in his presence a strong tempest shall assaile us; when hee shall call the Heaven from above, and the earth to judge his people; when (10) before so many thousands of people, all my iniquities shall bee laid naked; when before so many legions of Angels all my offences shall be opened, not only of my workes, but even of my thoughts and words: when before so many Iudges, I, poore delinquent, shall stand, as have gone before mee in good workes; when I shall bee put to shame by such as rebuke me, and by so many, as have given me examples of living godly; When before many witnesses shall my conscience be convinced, as with their profitable in-

Instructions have admonished me, or by their just actions have left themselves for examples to be imitated by me. O in what case shall I then stand? what shall I be able to answer in my owne defence? to whom shall I fly? to what Court may I appeale? It shall bee then in vaine for mee, to call for the Mountaines to cover me; no place of priviledge from the Almighty. O what will become of mee, when all my offences shall be laid before me: nay, even those which I doe not now remember, shall bee presented to me! For by a certaine divine power it shall come to passe, that every ones workes good or evill shall bee brought backe to our remembrance, and by the sight of the mind shall be seen with a wonderfull quicknesse: to the end, that

*Bern. Med.  
cap. 2.*

that knowledge may accuse or excuse conscience : that so all and every one may at once be judged. O my soule shake and tremble ! consider thy condition : with that heavy inditement that shall bring thee to confusion ! For whatsoever thou art now ashamed to confesse, shall be then made manifest unto all. Yea, whatsoever in a dissembling manner thou seekest here to cover, shall then by that avenging flame of Gods justice be brought to a fearefull censure. And by how much the longer God expecteth thy amendment, if thou neglect time, so much stricter shall bee his judgement, severer thy punishment. O, but wilt thou say, who can keepe the *Commandments* ? This is an hard taske for flesh and blood. But I must tell thee, if thou have *charity*,  
it

it will make thy *burden light*, and thy *yoake easie*. If thou doe thy endeavour, and with a pure affection begge assistance of thy sweet Saviour : when all outward helps faile thee, hee will be neare thee. Hee who bore his Crosse for thy sinnes, will naye all thy sinnes upon his Crosse. Hee who bad thee, *Doe this and live*, will doe this for thee that thou maist live. Hee who commanded thee that these things should bee done, will doe for thee whatsoever hee hath commanded to be done. But this, poore Pilgrim, thou knewst long since. His goodnesse could bee no strange thing unto thee : seeing his *natural propriety* unto goodnesse ; his *universall power* and *Omnipotence* ; and his *specioll experience* have not onely made him knowne to thy infirmities :

but

but mov'd him to compassionate thy infirmities. Both willing and able is he to heare thee; in the bitterneſſe of thy ſoule to cheere thee; in the bed of thy ſickneſſe to cure thee. And wilt thou yet complaine, and ſay, " This yoake  
" is hard; this burden is heavy;  
" when he, who trode the Vine-  
" preſſe alone, will make thy  
" burden light, thy yoake eaſie.

*O my ſweet Saviour make mee to take delight in thy Commandements. Pf. 119.54. That thy Statutes may be my ſongs in the houſe of my Pilgrimage. Give me the ſteet of a Roe, that I may run after thee. O draw me after thee, and I will follow thee. Set before mee, what thou haſt done for me: ſo ſhal the memory of thy Croſſe, make my burden light, and my yoake eaſie.*

## C H A P. 13.

*Hee examines himselfe touching  
the first Commandement.*

**T**Hough thou hast not heard  
the *voyce* of the Lord with  
*Moses*: yet hast thou heard the  
*Will* of the Lord from the hand  
of *Moses*. Thou hast heard how  
he was a *jealous God*; he would  
have none to partake in his ho-  
nour: nor share with him in  
what was onely due to him.  
He ha's told thee how he was  
*thy Lord, thy God*: and that thou  
shouldest have *no other Gods but  
Him*. Now lye thine hand on  
thine heart, and tell mee, Hast  
thou performed this? yes, wilt  
thou say, I was never so Hea-  
thenish as to worship any  
Gods of the Gentiles. It was  
his house I went unto: His  
Name

Name I did honour to. I joy-  
ned in the Supplication of  
Saints; I went after no *strange*  
*Gods*: It was the *Lord of Hosts*  
whom I served: The *Lord* of  
the *whole Earth* whom I ho-  
noured: yet, tell me, were there  
no other *Lords on Earth* whom  
thou served? yea, didst thou  
not make the very *Earth*, thy  
*Lord*, in preferring it before  
Heaven, and the hopes of a  
better life? Whatsoever is by  
us, most loved; that for a God  
is by us worshipped. Now, re-  
solve mee, unhappy Pilgrim,  
wherein can more love bee  
showne then in weakning and  
enfeebling our spirits with pur-  
suit of what we love? Now,  
compare thy honres which  
thou hast bestowed on the ser-  
vice of *Mammon*; with those  
thou hast more happily em-  
ployed in the Courts of *Sion*!  
Hast



Hast thou not bestowed ten houres on Earth, for one on Heaven? Nay, hast thou not depended more upon those *Egyptian reedes*, these *Helps on Earth*, then those *Hopes of Heaven*? Though thou wentst to the Lords house: and with a seeming humility cast thy selfe down before him. Though thy Prayers were mingled with teares: and thy *weake devotions* with lifting up of Eyes, and beating of thy Brest, with other seeming signes of humiliation: yet was not thine heart there wholly offered, where it seemed to be present. For long before hadst thou built a *little Bethel* in thine heart: where thou offered thy daily sacrifice. And here didst thou erect a Shrine of Gold for thy God. Earth was thy Deity: thus in the Chamber of thine Heart  
didst

didst thou commit Idolatry. For hadst thou taken him whom thou professedst to serve for thy God, thou wouldst not have distrusted his providence, but with an holy and heavenly affiance relied on his promises. Nay, hadst thou taken him for thy God, thou wouldest have served him as he commanded thee: and with all thine heart loved him, as he well deserved from thee. Thou wouldest not have suffer'd his *Members* to have starv'd while thou surfeited: nor his *Fami'y of faith* to have mourned while thou rioted. Thou wouldest have had the *staffe of bread* in readinesse to support them, counsell in store to advise them: all fitting supplies in the time of their necessity, to relieve them. Meane time, thine heart was more hard then the *neather Mil-stone*;

*stone*; with a deafe care couldst thou heare their grones : with a pittileffe Eye behold their teares. Nay, so farre were't thou from taking him for thy God, as thou fled to other Gods : chusing rather to lose God by abusing his goodnesse, then to lose any of thy substance. The Wizard and the Southsayer must be visited by thee : the Witch of *Ender* must not lose her honour. Tell me, is this to put thy trust in God ? Is this to have no other Gods before him ? Is this the way to espouse thy selfe unto him ? Is this in a true and religious way of obedience to serve him ? No ; No ; thou canst not serve *two Masters* : God and *Belial*. Thou must put off the *Old man*, before thou put on the *New*. Thou must leave those *Groves* and *High-places*, and in the lowest

lowest valley of an humble and contrite heart, come before God, and with the *penitent Prodigall*, throw thy selfe downe before him. — with — *I am not worthy to be called thy Sonne*: closing thy Supplication with this humble Petition: — *Lord, be mercifull to me a Sinner. A Sinner! aye mee, a most grievous and hainous Sinner! One, who in the fatnesse of his heart has turned himselfe from God. One, who in the foolishnesse of his heart has said, There is no God. For hadst thou reteined in thee one thought of God, thou wouldest have trembled to have done that which thou hast done against the Majesty of God. Nay, whereas he has told thee, that there is but one God, and him shalt thou serve; Thou hast made to thy selfe many Gods: one to fullfill thy pleasures,*

pleasure; another to advancethee to honour ; another for filthy lucre. Oh how can I remember this without heaviness of heart ! To leave him, who gave me being : To leave him, who is my portion ; without whom I have no being.

O my good God do not leave mee ! for what am I without thee : or what can I do unlesse thou helpe mee ? All the Gods of the Gentiles are Devils. It is thou Lord onely that hast made Heaven & Earth. Thou onely, O Lord, art my God. Those Gods who have not made Heaven and Earth, let them perish from Heaven and Earth : let Heaven & Earth praise that God who hath made Heaven and Earth.

CHAP. 14.

*His breach of the Law touching  
the second Commandement.*

**B**Ring forth thy golden  
Calf, thy treasures of Ho-  
reb; thy *Dagon*, thy *Moloc*. Tell  
me, hast thou not reared these  
*Idols* in thine heart? These  
were but made of Gold and  
Silver: & these are the Metalls  
which thou doest honour?  
Where the *treasure* is, there is  
the *heart*. Oh, upon how un-  
worthy a Subject hast thou be-  
stowed it? Oh, that thou hadst  
razed those moulten Images,  
those graven *Idols* (too long  
ingraven in thine heart) which  
thou so unhappily adored! Oh  
that thou had scene into the  
vanity of this *painted Earth*?  
What a folly it was for an un-  
thankfull

thankfull people to set them up  
a God in the Image of a Calfe  
that eateth hay ? And art thou  
any Wiser in thy generation ?  
Of corruptible things, hast thou  
made thy Gods ; and on those  
who could not helpe them-  
selves, hast thou relyed. What  
daily sacrifices hast thou offered  
to those moulten Images ?  
These kept thee awaking, when  
thou shouldst sleepe. These  
made thee fearefull to Dye :  
These made thy thoughts stran-  
gers to thy true God. *Oh how*  
*bitter is death unto him that put-*  
*teth his trust in his riches !* O  
hatefull Idolatry, to be so un-  
happily wealthy, as to make a  
reasonable Soule to do wor-  
ship unto vanity ! *Gebazi*  
became a foule Leper, by ma-  
king himselfe such an Idolater.  
O my loose thoughts whither  
do yce hale mee ? nay, to what  
fearefull



fearefull conclusions have yee  
already brought mee ! Reason  
told mee, besides that weake  
beaming of grace that darted  
upon mee, that there was no-  
thing in these but vexation of  
spirit. How, the love of the  
Creature took mee off from lo-  
ving my Creator. How, bow-  
ing to these so hardned my  
heart, as it could finde no knees  
to bow to heaven. O depart  
from mee, yee workers of ini-  
quity ! yee drawers of mee to  
Idolary ! In you have I found  
nothing but vanity. Vaine in  
your promises : but lighter in  
your performances. Yee and  
none but yee brought mee to  
forget God, from whom com-  
meth all good : and to fight  
under *his* Banner, who was a  
profest enemy to the Crosse of  
my Saviour. But alas ! where  
shall I turne mee ? where may  
I fly

I fly for succour in this time of danger ? I have fled from him who had comfort in store for mee : and polluted my Soule with spirituall Idolatry. It is best for mee to leave my selfe, and to leane on him who gave himselfe for mee. My Soule is of too precious a price to be left to such a keeper ; as will betray her to her enemy for a moments pleasure.

*O my sweet Saviour receive thou mee into thy bosom. Decline my affection wholly from adoring these Moulten Images of worldly vanity. Let me imprint thee my crucified Iesu in my heart : so shall I ascribe all honour to him whom I love best, my blessed Redeemer.*

CHAP.

## CHAP. 15.

*His transgressing of the Third,  
in prophaning Gods name.*

**V**ile Worme ! filthy dung !  
Sinfull dust ! darcest thou  
prophane his name, at whose  
voice the Mountaines shall  
quake & tremble ; at the breath  
of whose nostrills the high  
hills shall be melted ; the moun-  
taines shall be laid leuell with  
the valleyes ; the whole foun-  
dation of the Earth shall shake  
and be removed ? And yet, un-  
happy Pilgrim, thou feared'st  
none of these things. Thou  
went'st on in *Dis honouring* his  
*Name* : : nay in minting new  
Oaths, as if the reprobate had  
not already found out enow to  
dishonour his Maker ! And  
these thou held'st a great grace

E

to

to thy discourse : For the imaginations of thy deceitfull heart were so set on mischief; as thou heldst *Deepe Oaths* the *breaths* or *accents* of a brave spirit : the *strength* or *sinews* of any discourse. This made thee comfort and keepe company with the *Dames* of the time (for with this title are they highly pleased) to suck from them this profane venom : this spawne of the most odious senselesse Sinne that ever the Divell suggested. Senselesse indeed ! For there is no one Sin which either one way or another affords not some vaine delight unto the Sense : whereas this Sinne is so senselesse of any such *Object*; as it onely affrights the *Conscience*. Affright ! yea, and worthily may it affright. Seeing, Gods judgments shall never depart from the Swearers

*Swearers House.* Stand amazed, poor miserable Pilgrim, while thou hearest this ! Put thy selfe in the Ballance : and tell mee, whether during all these dayes of thine unhappy pilgrimage, thou hast not practised this Sin? Sometimes in deceiving thy Brother with subtile Contracts : binding the value of thy *commodities* with an Oath, to enforce him to beleeve what thy Conscience told thee was not true. Sometimes in thy *good resolves* ; calling God to witnesse that thou hast fixed thy resolves on this, and if God please, thou meanest to effect it ; and thou wer't perswaded that it would please God that it should be effected : meane time thou either weakly failed in what thou intended, or else never meant to performe what thou so ceremoniously vowed.

Againe, how earnestly hast thou  
sworne, and herein *taken* his  
blessed *name*: highly in *vaine*,  
that thou wouldst not sleepe  
till thou hadst revenged thy  
selfe of thine Enemy? And far  
more constant wer't thou in  
pursuit of this ill, then in per-  
forming ought that was  
good. How deeply hast thou  
vowed, to procure thy plea-  
sure: which enjoyed, how  
carelesly were thy vowes re-  
garded? with what coldnesse  
rendred? Thou hast read how  
such prophane Transgressors as  
these, should be *taken away*  
from the *presence* of *God*, never  
to see his *face*. And yet for all  
this, wouldst not thou lose the  
glory (inglorious glory) of one  
Oath for the forfeit of such a  
prize. Not one part or Member  
of thy glorious Maker, thy  
sweet Saviour, but must bee  
piece

piece meale rent, torn & divided  
to haue thine hatefull humour  
satisfied. That precious Head  
that was with thornescrown'd  
must bee affresh pierced; That  
precious Side which was with  
a Speare pierced, must be againe  
wounded; Those broad-sprea-  
ding *Armes* so cruelly racked;  
Those pure *Hands* so pittifully  
nailed, must be anew opened;  
Those humble Feet which  
were so unmercifully bored,  
must be againe pounced. Every  
wound must be revived; all his  
sorrowes renewed. O unwor-  
thy Wretch, what hope canst  
thou have, that he will look  
on thee in mercy, who hast so  
cruelly renewed his wounds, and  
increased his torments with  
thy prophane Oaths and hate-  
full Blasphemy? How maist  
thou thinke to hide thy selfe  
in those Wounds which thou



hast thus aggravated with thine impiety? Was it not sufficient for thee once to have pierced his *Head*, his *Side*, his *Hands* and his *Feet*, & with thy crimson sinns to have engaged his precious Soule to death, but thou must be every houre crucifying him with new Oaths, hatefull curses, sinfull imprecations? O what maist thou thinke will become of thee? What hope, what helpe in the depths? He cannot choose but thinke that *Head* from thee which thou hast so dishonoured; that sweet and lovely *Face* from thee which thou hast so buffeted; that precious *Side* from thee which thou hast so wounded; those immaculate *Hands* from thee which thou hast so nailed; those beautifull *Feet* from thee which thou hast so bored. And now, whither

ther wilt thou fly ; seeing there  
is no refuge for thee, neither in  
the *Mountains* nor in the *Val-  
leys*. Nay the Depths shall not  
cover thee from the Sight of  
his Majesty. Thou mightst, in-  
deedy, have found a Resting  
place in the *holes* of the *Rock*,  
but they are shut from thee by  
reason of thine impiety.  
O wilt thou in this case, this  
fearfull case and condition, suf-  
fer thine head to take any rest ?  
O wilt thou abuse those sweet  
Motions of Grace, and become  
worse and worse the nearer  
thou art to thy Grave ? Wo is  
mee for thee, for I must suffer  
with thee and receive the mas-  
sages of sin for inuring my mouth  
to Oaths, and inthralling thee  
my poor Soule, to the reward  
of shame.

O my mouth, how apt hast  
thou beene to learne an Oath ;

before thou hadst well learn'd  
to *speake* ! Often hadst thou  
in thy *Mouth* to dishonour  
him ; seldom in thine *Heart* to  
meditate of him. O how un-  
seemly will his praise sound in  
thy *polluted Lipps* ? how dry  
and unacceptable thy devoti-  
ons from so *corrupt an heart* ?

O my good God look not  
upon mee as I have beene ; but  
as I resolve hereafter by thy  
grace to bee. Glorify thou mine  
*Heart* and my *Mouth* : that  
with the one I may *believe* un-  
to *righteousnesse* : with the other  
I may *confesse* my *Sinns*, with  
the good things which thou  
hast done for mee, unto *Salva-  
tion*. Let onely *yea, yea*, and *nay,*  
*nay*, be in my communication :  
whatsoever else is of Sin, unless  
it bee before a *Magistrate* to  
witness a truth.

O my

O my Maker keepe thou my  
Tongue, for it is a slippery  
member: So direct it, that it  
may utter nothing but to thine  
honour.

CHAP. 16.

*His dishonour to the Lords Day.*

**M**AY not God bee serv'd  
with his owne? May not  
he who appointed Sixe dayes  
for the use and service of man,  
reserve one for the more pecu-  
liar service and worship of  
himselfe? It is not much that  
he hath required of thee, and  
what service ha's hee received  
from thee? In the very begin-  
ning, after God had created  
man, bestow'd upon him his  
owne Image; and put him in  
possession of a World of de-

lights in one Garden; one Eden. He gave *Adam* a command, a strict command, and upon a great forfeiture. Yet became Man soone disobedient: no long time in the Garden, till a convicted Delinquent. Now behold! as of all those Trees *Adam* was but of one restrained: So of all the dayes in the Weeke, there is but one which God hath for himselfe reserved: yet neither that, nor this must be observed. Thou needest no Arguments to perswade thee, that the *Sabbath* is ~~moral~~; being so far from making it *Evangelicall*; as thou didst make it thy day to satisfie thy lusts. At best, thou thoughtst thy self well imployed that day, if thou bestow'd it upon sight of a Wake, a Morrice danced, or the sociable frequent of an Alehouse. Yet had it beene better  
 and ill for.

We are before all others, to bestow Holy dayes in pious works and religious wayes.  
 Aug. Sup.  
 Psal. 22.

for thee to have digg'd, then  
have danced; to have plow'd, then  
so to have unhallow'd this holy  
Day the Sabbath. How carefull  
wouldst thou be of observing a  
profane meeting: where God  
was never remembered but in  
Oaths! Such merry Meetings  
might not be forgotten: the  
end whereof was to forget  
God and his Judgments: and  
if it were possible, to put farre  
from them the evill day. But as  
the fumes of drinke begot for-  
getfulness in the Evening: so  
the sense of sinne begot bitter-  
nesse in the Morning.

O my God! one Day, and  
but one Day; and must thy  
commands be neglected that  
one Day? Was there no day  
for thee; thou profane Pil-  
grim, to commit sin with gree-  
dinesse; to follow thy loose  
lusts with eagernes; nor to  
slave



slave thy selfe to all filthinesse, but that very day, that peculiar day which God had ordained for his owne honour: and wherein his Sanctuarie should be made the house of Prayer? Was this the way to make thy handyworke to prosper, or give a blessing to thy Labour? If at any time, thy occasions, not of necessity but pleasure solicited thee; thou held'st it no scruple of conscience to dispence with the *Sabbath*; thou wouldst crave leave of God, nay thou wouldst take leave against the expresse will and warrant of God. Neither must occasion of profit nor pleasure suffer least neglect for Gods honour.

But admit, either through want of employment or feare of Presentment thou repaire to the Temple. How didst thou behave thy selfe there? Did not thy



thy irreverence and neglect of his Worship bring thee to that passe, that thou went'st forth with an heart more unsanctified then thou cam'st in? Was not thine heart wandring in the World, while thy body was at Church? Did not the houre seeme long unto thee, whilest thou wer'st thus undevoutly busied in this thy enforced Practise of Piety? Yes, yes, unthankfull Pilgrim; thou knowest this too well. No houre could be more tedious then so imployed; how then could that *stony Soile* of thine *Heart* bee fructified? how could thy *seared Conscience* be edified? Better had it been for thee, not at all to come to it; then by this thy repairing to it, thus to prophane it.

*O God of Sabbath ! O God of  
rest !*

rest! who hast ordained thy Sabbath the type of our rest: Make mee to know that it is thy Day, which I am to observe; and thy House whereto I repaire. Thou hast sanctified thy Sabbath; Sanctify me likewise for thy Sabbath! Thy house is an house of Prayer; in my Lipps let there be praise: in mine Heart, Prayers: and make thou prone the viol, that it may more acceptably pour forth these odours of her Prayers.

CHAP. 17.  
He confesseth how this bloody  
issue of his side streamed forth  
likewise into a breach of the  
2<sup>d</sup>. Second Table; and first of dis-  
obedience to his Parents.

Promises of long life, pro-  
sperity and successe in the  
World,

World, are and have been ever  
perswasive Orators to the eare  
of a Worldling. Long life is a  
comfortable thing to a World-  
ing; because hee, who sett  
his rest upon the World, ex-  
pects small comfort after this  
present World. Had there been  
no further hope of future hap-  
pinesse; this very promise of  
*long dayes* might have brought  
thee to Obediency. But alas,  
this was the lowest of my  
thoughts, the least of my cares.  
I desired in mine Heart to be  
the Master of an estate before  
Nature would allow me it. I  
took my portion, and went  
away into a farre Country.  
And there I plaid the riotter,  
till I became a miserable Beg-  
ger. Then, and never till then  
did I consider what I had  
done. For by this time had I  
forgot my Fathers House. So  
long

long and so sweetly had I been lulled in the Lappe of Sin. But having now reap'd the fruites of my *Disobedience*, I begun to have a remorse of Conscience: and to have some small sensible feeling of repentance. But never till such time as I had fed freely of those empty huskes of vanity : and found my selfe so miserably poor as if I return'd not back to my *Fathers House*, I might of necessity perish, there were no remedy. Nay, I must to my shame confesse it, that such was my *disobedience*, and so crooked my will amidst my greatest necessities, that this my aversion from evill and conversion to good, rather proceeded from want of meanes then sincerity of will. For had my *Portion* continued, the *arme* of *Sin* had been nothing shortened. And yet had my want brought

brought mee to this naturall consideration ; as to thinke with my selfe what *Parents* were ; What benefits I had received from them : how they had done for mee what I could never possibly do for them. How Creatures endued onely with sense by a naturall instinct, bore that tender love and obedience to their *Parents* ; as in their age they foster'd them : on their wings they carried them : desiring rather that they themselves should perish, then their *Parents* suffer, which gave a being unto them. But these Considerations onely floated upon the Waters of mine heart, they never sunck. A naturall pronenesse to obey the Lusts of my Flesh, hung such heavy poizes on the Wings of my Obedience, as they kept me from mounting : desiring rather to

Ciril. Ba-  
sil. Homil.  
8. & 9.

to dye then wholly to leave  
 my rebellion. Thus was I ne-  
 ver weary of transgressing; till  
 my transgressions became wea-  
 ry of mee. Neither was I sen-  
 sible of what *disobedience* meant;  
 till I was brought to a Consi-  
 deration of it through want  
 Who is merciful How could I pro-  
 mise to my selfe *length of days*;  
 when I had disesteemed my selfe  
 of that promise by my *disobedi-  
 ant ways*; How could I be lesse  
 then rejected of my Father in  
 Heaven; who had bought my  
 selfe to *disobediently* to my Fa-  
 ther on Earth. How could I  
 look for an inheritance, falling  
 so desperately into all *disobe-  
 dience*? How do you yett, I pray  
 O my deare Lord, to whom  
 Obedience is better then Sacri-  
 fice; call mee now home unto  
 thee! Let me no longer run on in  
 my

my rebellious Course. Like a Childe that feareth to be beate, let mee tremble at thy judgments. Like a Child that flyeth into his Fathers lappe, let mee kisse thee for thy mercies. Correct mee, O Lord, but not in thine anger, for how shall I stand in thy displeasure? O I know, as there is no Sonne, whom a Father will not correct with the rod of his love: so is there no Father who has not a desire to deliver his Sonne. Correct me, O Lord, as thou art my Saviour: oh let it never be in thine heavy displeasure.

Aug. Mcd.

39.

## CHAP. 18.

His contempt of the Second, in his practising mischiefe against his Neighbour.

**O**Ne may commit murder, and shed no blood. The very



very thoughts of our hearts may become Conspirators against our Neighbour, and so wee *murder* him in our desires. *Caine* slew his brother *Abel*, which made him turne Runnagate, by flying from Gods presence. O how often have I *slaine* my brother in conceiving cruell thoughts, which reflected upon his life, fame and substance? O how often have I in mine heart wished a sudden end unto mine Enemy? And yet I was perswaded, hee was not well prepared for death when I wished this unto him; so as my desires were bent to *murder* him both in soule and body, by wishing him so sudden and unprepared a death in his departure from the body. Yea, I will confesse against my selfe, and with much bitterneffe of heart, will I acknowledge

knowledge it ; that neither rich nor poore have beene freed from those *murdering* imaginations, which my corrupt heart had secretly nursed. For if he were rich, I *murdered* him with *Envy*. And in this act, not on-ly him, but my selfe. Wasting and eating up my owne marrow : consuming my owne strength, and falling away with a languishing desire of others ruine. Againe, were he poore ; I to my power *murdered* him : by holding from him the *staffe of bread*, when I might have relieved him : by grating and grinding the face of the needy : by oppressing him injuriously : by laying heavier burdens on him then hee could beare. O how can I remember these, and sinke not downe with the horror of them ? Can I think, that just God who heares the Or-  
phans

phans cry, and bottles up the Widowes teares, will not avenge himselfe of these things? Can hee tender his *little ones*, & not revenge himselfe of those who make a prey and spoile of his *little ones*? O no, my Lord, I know my guiltinesse is not hid from thee: Nay, I know well thou hast thy Bow ready bent, and thine Arrowes in thy Quiver to shoot at the malicious and evill doer, even at him that is of a subtil and deceitfull heart. How then may I make my peace with thee? How may I find favour in thy sight? what shall I bee able to answer for my selfe against those my many Aceusers? While here one proves how I sought his *life*: and with many bitter imprecations discovered my malice unto him. Another accuseth me with impeaching

ing his *good name*, that precious  
perfeume of every good man.  
The third of his *Substance*, say-  
ing that my wishes were of-  
ten that he might be rest of it,  
or it of him: or that I my selfe  
might enjoy it with the losse  
of him. Thus like a cruell and  
bloody *Nimrod*, have I hunted  
for blood: And though I did  
not actually shed it, yet in de-  
siring it, and not seeking where  
I might to prevent it, I cannot  
plead lesse then that I am guil-  
ty of it. Now my fact is so  
foule, that should I with the  
poore condemned Prisoner,  
demand my *Booke*, I could not  
hope to have the benefit of it;  
yet there is a *Booke*, wherein  
I have read what may afford  
me much comfort by it: At  
what time: *For ever a sinner doth re-  
pent him of his sinne from the bot-  
tom of his heart, I will put*  
away

away all his wickednesse out of  
my remembrance, saith the Lord.

It is the Lord that hath said  
it, even he, who as hee is gra-  
cious in his promise, so is hee  
faithfull in his performance.  
Hence is my trust; that though  
my *sinnes* be as red as *scarlet*;  
the *blood* of the *Lambe* will  
make them *white*. I though my  
garments be all red as those  
who came from *Bosra*: my  
Saviour has in store a *white*  
*robe* for me. As white as the  
*snow* of *Salmon* shall my soule  
be made, though she be now  
soil'd with the leprosie of sin.  
Yea, but dangerous wounds  
require longer cures. My af-  
flicted conscience tels mee that  
I have grievously sinned against  
his sacred Majesty, both in  
quantity and quality. I have  
not had God before mine eyes:  
the pathes of righteousnesse  
were

were estranged from me. Those  
sinnes which with such greed-  
nesse I had committed, had sent  
forth their cry to the clouds:  
they were of no inferior nature,  
but such as derogated highly  
from the honour of my Maker.  
What may I then expect, but  
that those *Viols* of his wrath  
should be poured forth even to  
the bottome: if hee did not  
looke upon me with his eye of  
fatherly compassion?

It is true, my deare Lord, it is  
true: No sinner ever exceeded  
me in number and nature, yet  
comming to thee with an humble  
contrite heart, receiue me, O my  
Father, for one of thine. Though  
my sinnes might justly make a  
partition wall betwixt my soule  
and thee my sweet Spouse, for  
error, yet hast thou promised to  
be a Saviour to every penitent  
sinner.



sinner. O Lord looke upon  
me in thy mercy, for my soule is  
sore vexed within me!

### CHAP. 19.

*His Contempt of the Third,  
in playing the Wanton.*

**I**S it time to feast, and play  
the *Wanton*, when the Flood  
is comming? Every houre  
ushers me to my Grave, yet am  
I still farre off from receiving  
the motions of Grace. Wee is  
me, that my *Danilah* has rob'd  
mee of my strength? What a  
long time of youth did I lead;  
as if that Spring would ne're  
have done? How strongly,  
nay how strangely have I beene  
taken with a *whorish* behaviour;  
as if there had beene no well-  
becoming beauty but what was  
accom-



accompanied by impudence? How often have I taken delight in the countenance of a *strange woman*? How desirous have I beene to take; how ready to bee taken? That *Belcone* could not open, nor in her opening discover the feature of a woman, which my wanton eye did not fixe on. Forbidden fruit and stolne waters were ever sweetest. Lightnesse had got such possession of mee, as were it in action or discourse, there was nothing which took mine care more, or made the houre lesse tedious. I had read how that the *Adulterer* and *Whore-monger* God would judge. How, that the pleasure of fornication was short, but the punishment of the *Fornicator* eternall. And sometimes I had the grace to consider with my selfe what thing this *Eternity*

was? And the more I begun to consider it, the further I was from it: yet I found it to bee such a thing as admitted no end: and yet I unfortunately made a forfeiture of it for a moments pleasure. Pleasure shall I call it? no: that cannot be properly called a *pleasure* but a *torture*, which dams the soule for ever. I found the deceitfulnesse of this sinne: with what resolves I made hourly, to become a true and unfeined Penitent, never to returne to my vomit. I considered how a *continent soule* was the *preciousst treasure*: how God would not dwell in that heart that was infected with this sinne. All this I applied to my heart: but alas, how long did it remaine uncorrupt? No sooner was there an occasion of temptation offered, then my

my vaine heart quite forgot  
 what shee had resolved. The  
 thought of *Eternity* was pre-  
 sently choaked with an hap-  
 lesse desire of enjoying what  
 was lighter then vanity. Woe  
 is me that any *reasonable soule*  
 should bee so deluded! That  
 neither the promises of a bet-  
 ter life, nor the shame of this  
 present life could decline mee  
 from working such iniquity?  
 I found how all bread was  
 sweet unto the *Adulterer*. How  
 none was more estranged from  
 his love, then whom hee was  
 bound most to love. Thus I  
 perished with open eyes: for  
 I knew well how the *Harlot*  
 would bring a man even to a  
 morsell of bread. How her paths  
 were full of deceit; and how  
 her foot-steppe led unto death.  
 And I understood how there  
 was nothing to be compared

to a *vertuous Woman*, and what felicity I enjoyed in such a Choice, With what pious Obsequies I solemniz'd her Funeralls; whom I once enjoyed: with what purposes I entertained to remaine a constant Widdowet, after such time as I was deprived of her. Yet, though ripenesse, of yeares had nipped in mee the blossoms of youth: nay, though age had writ deepe furrows in my brow, yet found I youth enough in my doating fancy. For I am ashamed to thinke with what an unbecoming lightnesse I encountred a strange face. How soone I could gather by the wandring motion of her eye, the disposition of her heart. Thus in my declining age begun I to renew my acquaintance with light love, and to practise that which

which did least become me. So dangerous is the custome of sinne, when it has taken full seazure, or possession of the soule.

O my sweet Iesu, cleanse me from my secret sinnes; and give me grace to remember these things with heavynesse of heart. Let me goe all the day mourning, and with tears of hearty contrition, move thy tender heart to compassion. O cure this bloody issue of my sinne! apply unto my bleeding wounds a present cure. As thou looke upon Magdalen, and made her an holy Saint of an heinous sinne; so looke upon mee with the eye of pittie, that I may find thee in the day of my visitation, a gracious Saviour.

F4 CHAP.

which did least become me. So  
 CHAP. 20.  
 His breach of the Fourth, in his  
 cunning defeating of his  
 Neighbour.

MY conscience hath oft-  
 times told me, and woe  
 is mee that I remembered it not;  
 how there were many other  
 kinds of Theft, besides purloyn-  
 ing, or Imbezling of my  
 Neighbours goods. In defeat-  
 ing him of what was due unto  
 him: nay, in finding what I  
 knew to be his, and not resto-  
 ring it unto him; this, even  
 this convine'd my conscience  
 of guilt, and that I was a Rob-  
 ber of him. These seeme but  
 light sinnes; and of such easie  
 digestion, as they seeme no  
 sinnes at all. But these must  
 not be forgotten, for they are  
 writ



writ in his Booke with a pen  
of Steele, and are not to be wi-  
ped away but with the soft  
Sponge of his mercy.

I have often thought, out of  
the foolishnesse of mine heart,  
that privily to take away, or  
defeat any one of small toytes  
or trifles, as I accounted them,  
was no sinne, because they  
were of small or no weight:  
whereas if I had knowne the  
quality of sinne aright, I would  
have confest that it was not  
the value of the thing, but the  
intention of the heart that  
made the sinne. It skils not  
much, whether the substance  
be vile or precious, which is  
unjustly procured, or injuri-  
ously required, so as the affe-  
ction bee to either of these e-  
qually corrupted. Though they  
be of different dammage in re-  
spect of him from whom they

ni. 9. 11.  
De. 1. 10.

Bern.  
Med. 1. 1.



*Ans. in  
Confess.*

are taken, yet bring they equall  
detriment to him, by whom  
they were taken. O with  
what sighes, with what teares  
did that devout Father be-  
wayle his breaking into an Or-  
chard, though hee was then a  
Boy, and therefore pardonable?  
These are now so easily dis-  
penc'd with, as they are held  
but tricks of youth. But hee  
could cry forth, in the anguish  
of his spirit, *I have had a desire  
to perish, O Lord, I have had a  
desire to perish.* O how the  
sense of sinne makes the least  
seeming sinne appeare heavy?  
O what may I thinke of my  
selfe, who have gloried in  
these things! A graine of sand  
though it bee light, yet much  
sand laid together will presse  
us. And a drop of water  
though it be light, yet many  
waters gathered together may  
drowne

drowne us. O what heapes of  
sinnes ( and those no small  
tunds ) have I raised, with those  
Giants, as if they had beene  
Mounts to menace heaven?  
So I might cunningly make a  
prey of the poore; and colour  
my sinne with faire pretences.  
I had mine end, farther I sought  
not. It was the eyes of men  
that I feared, I tooke no com-  
passion of others misery; nei-  
ther were mine eyes on him,  
who is the Avenger of the  
poore and needy. I perceived  
likewise in these *Tents of Ke-*  
*dar*, where I was too long a  
Sojourner; how there were  
other *thefts* and of an higher  
nature, being such as stept up  
boldly to the Altar? And these  
were *Symoniacall Contracts*;  
and I understood how no *thefts*  
were like these *holly thefts* for  
gaine, nor yet detected of lesse  
guilt.

guilt. Conscience was made a thing of equivocation. Rich Donations, according to their name, seem'd to be given, but they were sold; and that so cunningly, as if the Conscience had beene as senselesse of sin, as *Man* was of himselfe, it might have past with impunity. And in the perusall of these, mee thought I could have brookt well to have beene sharer: but in these I was no actual offender, though much against my will, for I was no impropriator. In impairing like wise, the fruits and offerings of the Church, I had a desire to have an hand, albeit I knew this to be taxed for a great offence by the Prophet, and such as God did highly hate. *Will any man (saith he) rob God? yet ye have robbed me: but ye say, wherein have wee robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.* Whence

Malac, 3. 8.

Whence hee straitly chargeth them to bring all manner of riches unto his store-house, that there may bee meat in his house. By this I understood, that there was a *Snare* to the *Man*, who devoured that which was *holy*. Yet while the *Snare* was in readinesse, I went on in my wickednesse. When I saw a *Thiefe*, I run with him; nay, before hee practised that trade, I could tell him; that, as to digge would bee a *toyle*, and to beg a *shame*; so to take where opportunity gave way, would shew a brave spirit. Thus was it not sufficient for mee to perish alone, without drawing others into the same ginne. My life became their line, which being crooked, brought them to as untimely an end. Thus did I see, and seeing fall, and falling bring others to bee sharers in my fall.

O

Prov. 20.  
25.

O my gracious Redeemer, as  
 thou lookst with the eye of pity  
 upon the good Thierie; as thou  
 rewarded his late conversion, and  
 short confession with the promise  
 of a Paradise, a place of endlesse  
 consolation; vouchsafe to cast  
 thine eye upon mee, and save mee.  
 The Kingdome of Heaven suffereth violence;  
 let it be my holy  
 theft to lay hand upon it: to suffer  
 all things for it; that as thou  
 sufferedst all torments to procure  
 me it, so I by suffering with thee,  
 and for thee, may enjoy thee in it.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 21.

*His breach of the Fifth, in suppressing testimonies to witnesse a truth, or suborning witnesses to maintaine an untruth.*

**N**Ever was there sinne of higher quality, that admitted more impunity. Whereas I might have performed an office of Christian charity, in giving testimony before a Magistrate to settle my Neighbors estate; or in clearing his good name; or in vindicating his cause from a powerfull injurious Adversary: were it in my selfe or any other, I have laboured to suppress the testimony; eloked with the worse party; and so for mine own ends strength-



strengthened an injury. Or if this failed, being so well practised in evill, I would not stick to *suborne witnesses* to maintaine an untruth: and by false oathes to *suppresse* a truth. And yet I thought with my selfe, who could bee safe, if such hatefull Agents could be safe? if it were sufficient to accuse, who would be found innocent? yet whether it were for *gaine* or *spleen*, or to purchase a powerfull friend; Truth must bee outcountenanced, because private ends were made to beare it.

The excellent speech of that Heathen might have wrought much on mee; for it well deserved to be ever priared in my memory; who, when his friend came unto him, desiring him to take a *false oath* in a cause of his which highly concern'd him,



him, made answer: you must  
said hee, beare with me, I can-  
not shake hands with truth so  
easily. There are many friends  
to be gotten if I lose you: but  
if by forswearing my selfe I lose  
the favour of God, I cannot  
get another, there is but one  
God.

I had heard of the fearefull  
judgements likewise of many  
false Accusers, inborned wit-  
nesses, and hatefull Suborners,  
what miserable ends befell  
them; how they were discar-  
ded from the company of all  
good men; how they were to  
weare some badge or marke of  
distinction, that every one  
might know them, and know-  
ing abhorre them. Yet was this  
path so much better, as I could  
not but thinke, that there was  
some gainfull thing in it, or  
else it would not be so much fre-  
quented

πολλοὶ  
πολλοὶ  
φιλοὶ,  
εἰς καὶ  
μονὸς ὁ  
θεός.

quented. And the common Road was ever held the *nearest* and *surest*. And so indeed, I found it; the *nearest* to destruction; and so little *safe* by being *secure*, as my security brought me to the brink of perdition.

Indeed I tooke occasion sometimes to talke with my selfe (whom I ever found my greatest foe) and by communing with mine owne heart, to sift & search my selfe thoroughly how I stood affected. And even in the breach of this Commandement I thus reasoned. "Tell me, Pilgrim, dost thou know what in this case thou oughtst to doe; and shall the sollicitancy of a powerfull friend prevaile so farre with thee, as to bring thee to doe what thou oughtst not to doe? Hast thou not to doe? Hast thou not a friend within

“ within thee, whose favour  
“ thou art to preferre before all  
“ friends without thee? And  
“ will not this deare bosome  
“ friend of thine, thinke  
“ much, that either for love,  
“ hatred, dread or reward, thou  
“ shouldst despise her, nay sell  
“ her; and by this meanes make  
“ thy nearest friend thy Accu-  
“ ser? And I begin to inquire  
what friend this might bee!  
And I found right soone how  
it was no other then my *Con-*  
*science*; who, howsoever I  
bore my selfe to her, would  
deale faithfully with mee; and  
justly as I had deserved at her  
hands, either accuse or excuse  
mee. This was likely enough  
to have wrought some good  
effect upon me; but alas, world-  
ly respects made me forget my  
best friend. So as shee, who  
should have stood in the gate,  
and

and spoken for me; is now be-  
come mine Enemy.  
Sweet Iesu, art thou against  
me, so many false witnessess  
of thy blood, to condemn thee;  
not vouchsafe to be a witnessse for  
me, that I now hate what some-  
times I so unhappily loved; and  
intend to love what I some-  
times so undeservably hated. To  
be a witnessse a truth, were it for  
my deadliest Foe; and to sup-  
presse an untruth, were it to  
the prejudice of my dearest  
Friend.  
Deare Lord, be thou my defen-  
der against the Devil, my  
greatest Accuser!  
CHAP.  
who should have stood in the gate,  
and

CHAP. II.

*His dis-esteem of the Sixt, and last, in coveting what was an others ; and desiring to increase his owne with the losse of others.*

**F**oolish wordling, thine own experience had not long since told thee, and thou mightst have remembered it, had not thy folly so deluded thee; how touching the world, he had the least part in it, who had the most of it. Againe, he had the most command over it, who with most indifferency used it. To love it, was to be drowned in it; to hate it, was bravely to neglect it, and in that neglect amply to be supplied by it. Where as such are worldly, are ever labouring of a Dragon. The rich they are

are in estate; the hotter they are in pursuit. These see, and yet they will not credit their own sight, what a very small portion of Earth must suffice them! How their thirsty and unbounded desires must be then brought to a strait, a very strait compass! And these things I oft times considered; wondering much at the vanity of men; that knowing how their ~~mouths were to be filled with gra-~~vel, how any thing could in reason be so deare unto them, which should choake them.

Bern. Med.  
17.

And yet casting mine eye upon my selfe; I found very well how I was one of this List. One that could scatter his owne like a prodigall rioter: and catch at an others like a covetous Miser. One that could be content that his Neighbours providence should main-



maintaine his riot. One that had a dangerous leering eye after his Neighbours Wife ; or more then a moneths mind to his maid ; or to such a parcell of ground which lay fitting for him ; or to some of his Cattell ; and these, even any of these, could he find in his heart to enjoy without returning satisfaction for them.

It is true, very true, that the Story of *Ahab* is old in respect of *time*, but new in respect of daily *practise*. Every day shall wee find an *Ahab* borne ; every day a *Naboth* dye. His Vineyard must occasion a breach betwixt him and his Land-lord. He must forego it, or loose his life that owes it. The anger of a Great man is violent. His will is his Law : his inferiour must bend or break. If the plot lye neare him, it becomes an eye-



eye-sore to him. Hee will  
either buy it, or come any way  
by it that he may enjoy it. O  
how can I utter this without  
remorse? How may I endure  
my selfe when I heare these  
things? These are they which  
wound mee, for like poysonous  
Arrows they stick in my flesh;  
neither can I answer one for a  
thousand. How strong have  
beene my desires in shedding  
my owne blood? What dayes  
have I spent in carefull carking,  
painefull toyling? What nights  
in cunning compassing, watch-  
full contriving how I might  
come by my purpose? These  
cares made sleepe many nights  
a stranger to mine eyes. And  
yet thus my affliction seemed  
sweet unto me; such was the  
strength of an injured misery.  
O my Soule, how tedious  
would one of these houres have  
seem'd

seem'd, had it beene employed  
in casting about for that inheri-  
tance which shal never *perish*!  
Alas ! what could I imagine,  
that this earthly Tabernacle of  
mine should never be dissol-  
ved ? That my indirect wayes  
should never bee brought to  
judgment ? That God had for-  
gotten the poor ; and that he  
would not revenge their  
wrongs to my shame ? yes,  
Lord I consider'd this, and the  
more my sinne : for I sought to  
put away thy judgement farre  
from my memory ; not to think  
of them lest they should startle  
me. Thus was their doctrine  
deare unto me, who sought to  
sow pillows under my elbow. To  
fatten me in my transgressions,  
with a *rash* God seeth not. But,  
O Lord, holy and just, thine  
eye is ever over mee : and thine  
care is not shut from mee ; nor

from those who cry for vengeance against mee.

This it is which causeth mee to walke heavily all the day long; to chatter like a *Craine*: and with much affliction of spirit to poure forth my complaint to thee my Lord and my God. O when I remember, how cunningly I sought to winde mee into the acquaintance of my Neighbour; how smoothly I glozed with him; what count'fies I offer'd him, meeterly to surprize him, & make my selfe a gainer by him! how I seemed to esteeme least, what I prized most, that so my practices might be suspected lesse! How I could easily dispencc with any indirect way, so I might by it be brought to mine owne end! How I neglected no time to fit mine owne turne! O while I remember these

these things, I am utterly cast downe; there is no breath in mee; my flesh faileth mee; and my strength decayeth within mee. For I know, Lord, how thou hast these things in thy remembrance; and if thou deale with mee according to thy justice, there is no hope for such an incorrigible Sinner; he is lost, he is lost for ever. And yet, Lord, there was a little *Zachens*, whom thou calledst from the Receipt of Custom; and, no doubt, who knew the World, and how to make gaine in the World; who left his Calling for thee; climb'd up into a Figtree to see thee; and came downe speedily from thence to receive thee: and that he might more fully confirm his love unto thee, divided his goods, that hee might wholly reserve himself for thee.

O deale so with mee, my sweet Saviour, that of a Covetous Sinner I may become a true penitent Convert, in bestowing the small remainder of my dayes to thine honour.

## C H A P. 23.

Hee takes a view of those Seven Spirituall workes of mercy : and acknowledgeth his failings in each of them.

**T**Hou hast taken now a full view of those two Tables, delivered by God unto Moses; by him to us. And thou canst not, to thy great griefe, finde one, the breach whereof may not justly accuse, nay convict thee. Goe on yet a little further, and thou wilt find thy selfe ever worse and worse. Tell

Tell mee, doest thou hope to receive mercy? Thou doest well to hope; for without hope, the heart would break: but what hast thou done that might become so acceptable in his sight, as may bring thee in a full hope or assurance of receiving this mercy at his hands? Thou knowst well, that wee are to *worke out our salvation with feare and trembling*: That, not unto him that cryeth, *Lord, Lord*, but for him that doeth the will of his Father which is in Heaven, is the place of blisse prepared. For if *workes* be the *fruits of faith*; to make a fruitfull faith thou should'st apply thy selfe to bee plentuous in good works. Thou knowest, how the barren *Fig tree* became accursed; how the *barren Wombe* in the old Law was held accursed. The *Pha-*



riſes Prayer, becauſe it bore more *leaſes* then *fruit*, was rejected. The *Publicans* Prayer becauſe it bore more *fruit* then *leaſes* was accepted. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Now, what argument is there of the love wee beare him: if wee have not a longing deſire to doe that which may pleaſe him? The prooſe of our love unto God is to doe ſuch works as are acceptable unto God. Now, he has already told thee, what *Works* may beſt ſuit thee: and ſuch as may move him to take moſt delight in thee. And theſe are thoſe *Seven workes of Mercy*. Now, take a little time, before time leave thee, to examine thy ſelf impartially; what a kind of proficient thou haſt beene in theſe. Whether thou haſt not ſo careleſly borne thy ſelfe towards God in performing



ming them, as thou maist worthily acknowledge thy failings in each of them.

*O Lord open thou mine heart :  
and give mee understanding in  
all things : let mee open mine  
heart unto thee, and poure my  
selfe forth before thee: and suf-  
fer mee not to flatter my selfe  
in my transgressions, lest I pe-  
rish eternally. Thou hast pre-  
pared mee the wayes wherein I  
am to walke : O Lord make my  
wayes straight before thee : and  
so water me with the dew of thy  
grace, that I may bring forth  
fruites of repentance plente-  
ously.*

## C H A P. 24.

*Teaching the ignorant.*

**B**Ring forth that Schollar whom thou hast brought up in Christs Schoole. Whom hast thou fed with the milke of his word? Whom hast thou seene carried away with the blast of every vaine doctrine, and hast sought to reclaime him? whom hast thou at any time perceived to be ignorant in the principles of faith, and hast taken paines to informe him? whom scismatically affected, and thou laboured to convert him? whom seditiously minded, and thou sought to compose him? Hast thou taken pittie of thy Brothers ignorance, and brought him to a knowledge of God and himselfe

felfe with the Spirit of meeke-  
neffe? Nay, haft thou taught  
thine owne family: and by  
thine owne example wained  
them from folly? O no, poor  
Pilgrim, thefe things have been  
farre from thee. It is for thee  
rather to confefle, how many  
from the light of the Gospel,  
thou haft brought into igno-  
rance. How many thou haft de-  
ceived with a pretended zeale.  
How many thou haft brought  
from the knowledge of the  
truth, by intangling them in  
errors; false opinions; ftrange  
doctrines. O how many have  
come unto thee to receive in-  
ftruction from thee; or to bee  
fatisfied in fome fcruple, wher-  
in thou mightft have done an  
office of charity, if it had plea-  
fed thee: whilft thou, regard-  
leffe of thofe wounds of a  
troubled confcience; either ap-

plyedst no cure at all unto them: or else uncharitably left them intangled in more doubts then thou found'st them. And was this the way to teach the ignorant: in corrupting rather then correcting the delinquent? In perplexing rather then resolving the truly Penitent?

O my best Master, looke downe upon mee with the eye of thy favour? I know well I might have brought many unto thee, which by my loose life, and false doctrine I have drawne from thee. O teach me thy Law, that I may not onely learne it my selfe, but teach others by the patterne of my selfe, to love, live and delight in it.

CHAP.

## C H A P. 25.

*Correcting the delinquent.*

**A**S it is humility first to examine ones selfe: so is it charity to correct in an other, whatsoever he holds corrigible in himselfe. Gods Law is the Glasse, which will present to us every blemish that is upon the face of our soule. Wherin, we are ever charitably to consider, and acknowledge too, that whatsoever troubles our Brothers eye, is but a *more*, compared to that *beame* which is in our owne. But say, unprofitable Pilgrim, wherein hast thou done this Second *spirituall worke of Mercy*, to *Correct the delinquent*? Nay, rather hast thou not cherished him in his sinnes: and told him they were

were none, when as they pierced the clouds, and came up with a strong voyce even into the presence of God? Hast thou not *blessed* the *wicked* in his *evill wayes*: and mov'd him to make a league with his transgressions? Yes, Lord, yes; yet not unto all, have I done this. For some there be whom I have *corrected*, nay *ensured* rather then *corrected*. For my desire was to have their sinnes published to their shame; to have their good names taken away; to have them houted at in the street, which tasted more of *detraction*, then *correction*. For this I did not with the *spirit* of *meeknesse*, as I was commanded: but with the *spirit* of *fury* or *indignation*, which brought them to bee rather hardened in sinne then reformed. But I must confesse, I  
offen-

offended farre oftner in the former then in the latter. I meane in humoring sinne; either to make me more endeared to them: or else for feare lest the very like sinnes should bee found out and reprov'd in mee by them. So as my owne guilt made mee to palliate their sin.

*Deare Lord, I know well I have often sinned herein: I have stood in feare to reprove the transgressions of others, and therefore became I Author of their death. because that poyson which by crying against, I might have expelled, I have not expelled: in humoring those which I should have corrected. Nay, what was more: I conceived indignation, against all such as reprov'd me for my vices: so as, those have I hated, whom I ought to have loved; and whatsoever distast'd or displeas'd me,*  
I de-



*I desired earnestly that they should not be. O forgive me these. And make me henceforth such an Enemy to all vices, as I may correct my selfe with an impartiall sharpnesse: Others with the spirit of compassion and meekenesse.*

---

#### CHAP. 26.

##### *Counselling the indigent.*

**C**ounsell to the poore and needy, is as a receipt unto the sicke, in the time of his extremity; what availes a Medicine unapplyed; Physicke unministred; or counsell unimparted? I have known such as were destitute in this kind; how with teares in their eyes they importuned my advice: and I had it in readinesse, but would not minister it: because  
hee

hee was poore and despicable  
in the eye of the world, that  
besought it. And alas, was this  
the cause? Hadst thou beene  
well advised, thou wouldst ra-  
ther have given it, because hee  
was poore and succourlesse that  
did request it. For consider thy  
owne poore condition (hard-  
hearted Pilgrim) and in what  
case thou standest. How thy  
good and gracious God, should  
hee not looke downe upon thee  
with the eyes of his mercy, and  
take pittie on thy poverty, what  
might become of thee? Into  
what straits has thy soule beene  
brought? how dry, & desolate?  
how weake and dis-consolate  
have bin thy staggering resolves?  
How fainting and heartlesse  
have beene thy hopes? Foes  
thou hadst without thee, feares  
within thee; not the least  
beaming of comfort shone  
upon

upon thee. Yet for all this, thou foundst a faithfull Counsellor. to advise thee; a gracious Comforter to refresh thee. And yet thou quite forgotst all this, when thou sawest thy brother in necessity. He complained to thee how hee was wronged, and it lay in thine hand to redresse it, but thou wouldst not be seene in it. Thy Counsell at least thou mightst afford it, but thou denied him it: or which was worse, so advised him in it, as might rather hinder then further him in the pursuit of it.

*Gracious Lord, in whose brest  
are layd up all the treasures of  
knowledge and wisdom: and  
from whom are all the Countels  
of the wise; direct mee in the  
wayes of life; remove from mee  
the wayes of death. Give mee a  
soft*

soft and meeke spirit, that I may use all good meanes to bring home those that are wandring; to strengthen those that are standing. To helpe the succourlesse: comfort the comfortlesse: and to afford my best Counsell unto all, according to their severall necessities. O my deare Lord, pardon mee for the neglect of this duty, and make me to redeeme the time with a cheerfull constancy.

## CHAP. 27.

## Comforting the afflicted.

**A**S Affliction is the meanes to bring man to the knowledge of himselfe; so gives it occasion of trying the Charity of an other. Who is he, that was afflicted, and comforted him not? Now answer, poore Pilgrim,

*grim*, if thou canst, to this Intergatorie. Hast thou at any time applyed comfort to the afflicted? nay, rather hast thou not rejoyced in his affliction: or with one of *Iobs* miserable Comforters, increased his affliction? Hast thou plaid the part of the *Levite* or *Samaritan*, when thou foundst him wounded? Didst thou poure the balme of thy best comfort into him? Didst thou support him in his weaknesse? Solace him in his heavinesse? O no I though before the time of his affliction I profest my selfe his friend: and upon all occasions would be neare him: yet when hee fell from what hee was, I shrank from what I profest; my countenance began to bee changed towards him: And was this to comfort the *Afflicted*? was this to bind up his wounds?

wounds? was this performing the office of a friend? Did I to this afflicted soule, as I desired to bee done unto? Had I not sometimes felt the bitter-nesse of an *afflicted spirit*; even in mine owne bowels? And then I roared out--*O--a troubled spirit who can heale?* And yet God in his due time comforted mee, expecting that the like should be done by me. But no sooner was I set on my feet, then my corporall cure stript me of all spirituall care, I drunke wine in bowles, and applyed mine eare to the sound of the Harpe; I stretched my selfe on beds of Ivory, fatning my selfe with the delights of vanity, but never sorry for the *Affliction* of my brother *Joseph*.

*O my deare Lord, deale not thus with mee, for I perish, if thou*

thou turne away thy face from me. I have beene in heavinesse, and thou didst comfort me; bring me to a fellow-feeling of an others misery: that I may mourne with those that mourne, and partake with them in their affliction: for so shall I receive comfort in the day of my vilitation.

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C H A P. 28.

*Suffering injuries patiently.*

I Have often thought with my selfe, how I never more nearly resembled my Saviour, then that very day wherein I became a sufferer. And yet so strongly had flesh and blood wrought upon me, as I found nothing more hard to digest then an injury. I left my Patterne, and runne into the world:  
Where



Where I found *revenge* playing  
her part, crying, *No peace, no  
peace.* And I became one of  
her Followers. Offences re-  
ceiv'd I weigh'd above their  
quality; but done, I could lessen  
them smoothly. So partiall a  
Friend was I to my selfe; so  
violent a Foe unto others. Wee  
usually account that beast the  
strongest, that can beare the  
greatest burdens: meane time,  
wee hold him the weakest that  
has a back to beare the greatest  
injuries. But alas, what mat-  
ter makes it what foolish flesh  
account him! Hee is not for  
Gods presence, who will not  
*possesse his soule in patience.* And  
canst thou speake this, proud  
Pilgrim, and not tremble?  
Dost thou call to mind what  
unsufferable dishonour the Lord  
of lords suffered for thy sake?  
what mockings, what spit-  
tings,

tings, what buffetings, what whippings, what reproachfull torments hee suffered that thou mightst bee free? yet what did his innocence answer for it selfe but in silence? And yet for all this, thy blood must bee inflamed, if the least occasion of distaste be offered; thy reputation cannot beare it; thy spirit must not so be baffalt.

Poore passionate worme, what a stirre is this thou makest with thy selfe? pray thee tell mee, who made thee thine owne revenger? O doe not rob him who made thee, of what is due unto him, and what is estranged from thee! Oh, but this *Revenge* has beene no stranger to me. That day nor night pass not over me, wherein shee kept mee not company: and with her pressing angd mee to requite an injury. Shee dista-  
ted

ted to mee what a disgrace it was for a man of quality to beare an affront from any: how these would live, when I were dead, and leave an aspersiō on my Grave. These, and such as these made me forget God: and to take out of his hand what was due unto him.

*O thou avenger of the needy, raiser of the humble, and puller downe of the Mighty; let it bee never said of mee, that I have sought to rob thee of thy glory. Revenge is thine, and thou wilt repay it. Be it so, Lord; and may hee be taken in his own snare, who seeks to prevent thee in it.*

*O may the presence of my crucified Saviour, make mee become a patient sufferer.*

*hath rised to rowe  
I should beare. CHAP  
not; that could not blow  
that*

## CHAP. 29.

*Forgiving Offences heartily.*

**V**What a dangerous thing the *Memory* is, when made a *Retainer* of injuries ! This caused that noble Heathen to desire rather how to learne the art of *forgetfulnesse* then the art of *Memory* ; because hee remembred more things ( meaning of *offences* done him ) which hee desired to forget , then ever hee forgot what hee desired to remember. This very case is mine : I have suffer'd , but not comparably to what I have made others suffer. I held the *offences* done me so unsupportable , as they were above the power of flesh and blood to beare. Reconcil'd I would not be unto death ; for death

death I pretended easie to such an injury. So as, though by continuance of time, and interceed of friends, I might seeme in some sort to coole; all that their perswasions could bring mee to was this: I would *forgive him*, but never *forget him*. I would ever have an eye on him: nay, rather if I at any time met him, I would ever have mine eye from him. My heart was not with him. Neither could I with patience (such was my malice) speake unto him. And was this to *forgive offences heartily*? O how could I looke upon the Image of God in him; and forget my selfe so much towards him, as not to vouchsafe to cast a good countenance upon him? Vile wretch, what might become of thee, if God in his justice should so deal with thee! was there ever

H

offence

offence done by the most profest enemy, that may be compar'd to those which wee daily doe to his divine Majesty? O no! How is it then? Must hee both *forget* and *forgive*; and thy rancour such, as thou wilt only *forgive* but not *forget*? O poure thy selfe forth into a Sea of teares; be so farre from not *forgiving* offences when thine enimie does begge it; as thou dost *heartily forgive* him before hee begge it.

*Deare Lord, this I resolve to doe; but weak are my resolves if they be not assisted by thee; O give mee then in these holy motions such constancy, as in the remembrance of thy love unto mee, I may forget offences heartily: and so receive remission of my sinnes at thine hands in the day of mercy.*



## CHAP. 30.

*Praying for his Persecutors  
fervently.*

**T**His Lesson was taught me by my Saviour, when amongst others hee suffered for mee the worst of all others. When the feares of death encompassed him; when nothing but sorrow and heavinesse accompanied him; even then, when his Persecutors deserved least, shewed he his charity most. *Father forgive them, for they know not what they doe.* Thus did hee excuse them from malice, imputing all they did unto ignorance: so full of compassion was hee, even in his greatest anguish. Now, resolve mee, poore Pilgrim, wherein hast thou shewne thy selfe an



obedient Scholler to such a Master? wherein hast thou observed this Lesson? Hast thou prayed for them, who sought to make a prey on thee? Hast thou wished from thine heart, that he might ride on with honour, who sought thy dishonour? Nay rather, hast thou not cursed, where thou shouldst have blessed? Hast thou not reviled him, who wronged thee? nor sought to impeach his fame who wrought mischief against thee? yes, yes unhappy Pilgrim, none could be more ready to inflict, than thou to requite. To pray for them, or to performe any office of charity in behalfe of them; was so farre from thine intention; as thou accounted it rather an act of weakness, than devotion.

Dear

Deare Father, this I consider :  
and with griefe of heart confesse  
my selfe herein a foule transgres-  
sor. Sweet Iesu, thou who prayed  
for thine Enemies, teaching us  
to doe the like for such as should  
persecute us, give mee grace to  
doe good to those who doe evill un-  
to me ; to love those that hate me ;  
to forgive those who trespass a-  
gainst me ; to spare such as offend  
me ; and to pray for all such as  
persecute me ; and that with such  
fervency, as my prayer may be  
accepted in the time of their ne-  
cessity.

## CHAP. 31.

*He takes the like view of those  
seven corporall workes of  
Mercy; and acknowledgeth  
likewise his failings in  
each of them.*

**F**ROM the view of those  
*Spirituall Workes of Mercy;*  
in every one whereof thou hast  
found thine infinite failings,  
descend now, poore Pilgrim,  
to those *corporall workes of  
Mercy*, necessarily required  
of every Christian, to make  
him of a bond-man to sinne,  
a Free-man and a Citizen. But  
alas I much feare mee, that my  
desires have been so long allied  
to earth, nay laid in earth, as  
these *Workes of Mercy* are e-  
stranged from my knowledge.

Truth is, poore Pilgrim  
that

that I am, I have observed these *Workes* neglected, with the reasons from whence such neglect proceeded. For, taking my Survey of all conditions: I found here one, who, priding himselfe in his *youth*, bestow'd so much time in company, as he reserved no time to thinke of *Workes of Mercy*.

Another I found taken with his owne *beauty*; who tooke such content in looking upon himselfe, as hee had not one looke to bestow upon his needy Brother. Another was so *rich*, and so devoted to that worldly Idol, as it was death to him to afford one crumme of comfort to relieve him that was distressed. Another, as one *distrustfull* of Gods providence, refused to performe all offices of charity, fearing his too much bounty might bring him to poverty.

Another I might heare *presu-  
ming* of Gods mercy ; and flat-  
tering himsele with--*Tush*  
*God will be mercifull.* Though  
wee should forget what hee  
hath commanded us, hee will  
not forget to performe what  
hee hath promised us. Another  
seeing the whole world set on  
mischiefe ; and how the sim-  
ple and innocent were most  
scorned, to avoid the *scorne* of  
the foole, hee scornes not to  
become such a foole as to fol-  
low the haunt of the wicked.  
Lastly, I might find an other of  
so soft and delicate a condision,  
as these *Workes* of *Charity*  
were too sharpe and full of  
*austeritie* ; this man would take  
no acquaintance of them, lest  
hee might become enfeebled by  
them. And such as these in thy  
Survey on earth hast thou seene  
and observed ; but pray thee,  
poore

poore Pilgrim, all this while  
that thou observedst others,  
was there nothing thou couldst  
find in thy selfe? Sure I am,  
thou oughtst to have endeavo-  
red with all thy power, and all  
thy knowledge to know thy  
selfe; for farre better and more  
laudable had it beene for thee to  
know thy selfe, then by negle-  
cting and forgetting of thy  
selfe, to have knowne the  
course of the starres, the  
strength of herbes, the com-  
plection of men, the natures of  
all inferiour creatures, with the  
experience and knowledge of  
all heavenly and earthly things.  
For better is a simple Swaine  
then a proud Philosopher. I ga-  
ther by thy owne words, thou  
hast been a notable Observer:  
but wherein hast thou shewne  
thy selfe an able Professor?

Wol. 1. 1. 1. H 5. 1. 1. O my

*Rem. Med.*

5.

O my Lord, I know not what to answer. I stand at thy Barre, and have nothing to plead for my selfe. Onely deare Lord, I must confesse to my shame, I have sinned, I have sinned. Not one work of Mercy, but I have either wholly neglected, or not performed as thou hast commanded. O Lord, impute not my sinnes unto me, lest I perish everlastingly.

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CHAP. 32.*Feeding the Hungry.*

THOU hast heard read the parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*; and thou condemned the hard-heartednesse of *Dives*, that rich Glutton; who, amidst those various dishes of his, would not afford some few Crums,



Crums, some poore fragments  
from his well-furnish'd Table,  
to feed a poore hunger-starv'd  
Begger: And upon re-view of  
that story, concluded him just-  
ly damned, for suffering his  
needy Brother to perish, while  
he surfeited: So as his very  
dogges might partake, what  
poore *Lazarus* could not get.  
Nay, this hungry Begger re-  
ceived more court'sie from his  
dogs then from their Master:  
For they *licked his sores*, wheras  
from *Dives* hee received no  
comfort, no succour.

But now tell me, unhappy  
Pilgrim, may not I say to thee,  
as that Prophet said to *David*?  
*Thou art the man.* Didst thou  
never see thy poore necessitous  
Brother *hungry*, but thou hadst  
compassion of his poverty?  
Didst thou goe to thy *Cruse* to  
refresh him with *oyle*: or to  
thy

thy *Barrell*, to make him a *Cake*, that hee might walke in the strength thereof, and not die? Nay rather, hast thou not suffered him to cry at thy gates, till his very bowels earned within him; and thou wouldst not heare him? Hast thou not bestow'd more liberally upon the proud *Actor*, then on thy poore *Brother*? Nay, hast thou not sowne so lavishly thine ill-bestowed fortunes upon the Brothell or Stage, as thou hast left nothing to give to the poor mans boxe? Hast thou not suffered some of Christs owne Members to perish for want of food? And didst thou not understand, how so many as thou suffered thus to bee starved, when thou mightst relieve them, so many hast thou murdered, and thy blood shall answer for them.

O my

O my Lord speake for me ; for  
shal I say I have not done this? my  
Conscience will then accuse mee,  
and say I am a Lyar. I confesse,  
Lord, I confesse, I have not fed  
the hungry : but rioted wantonly,  
fatning my selfe in mine owne se-  
curity. O give mee henceforth a  
soft and compassionate heart: that  
I may truly suffer with my poore  
Brother in his necessity : and out  
of that store wherewith thou hast  
blessed me, ever reserve a portion  
for the hungry. I know Lord,  
that thou art the Avenger of the  
poore. For if Lazarus begge a  
Crumb, and may not have it : Di-  
ves shall craue a drop, but not re-  
ceive it. O cloath my soule with  
compassion, that shee may avoid  
that fearefull condition ! Nay, I  
wonder see any hungry begger, but  
take pittie of him for his sake,  
whereof he is a Member.

## CHAP. 33.

*Giving drinke to the thirsty.*

**I**T is wonderful thou shouldst not remember thy poore *thirsty* Brother with one cup of cold water, when thy cup flowes over so plentiously, partaking of Gods bounty in so ample a measure. Thy custome has beene to rise early in the morning, and to gather thy Companions together, and to drinke till your eyes grew red, and to put away farre from you the evill day in jollity and pleasure. Meane time, those very *Snuffes* which your excesse procured, would have beene sweet drops to many poore *thirsty* soules, who for want of drinke have fainted. O but I can ghesse why thou, who thus riorest in thy delights, decaying thine health with healths; art  
so

to forgetfull of thy *thirsty* Brother. Deep drinkers are ever of the shallowest memories. But I must tell thee, that a day will come (and fearefull will be that day) when, howsoever thou now with full-cups and loose company removest these things far from thy memory: all these neglects, uncharitable neglects, shall be presented before thee. Then thou wilt find none with a light song to spend a serious houre. Sulphur and brimstone will be then an unsavory portion: And yet this must be thy portion: because thou abused the good creatures of God; in bestowing them on wantonnesse, that might have ministred reliefe to others necessities.

*Gracious Saviour, thou who in thine extreme thirst, hadst no better drinke given thee then Gall and Vinegar, which*  
when

when thou hadst tasted, thou  
wouldest not drinke, perceiving the  
malice of the Iewes to be such, as  
it raged even to thine end. Give  
me grace to remember the state of  
my thirsty Brother. To abhorre  
all surfetting and drunkenesse:  
and to be helpfull to the Saints,  
as well out of my scarcity as a-  
boundance.

#### CHAP. 34.

*Harbouring the harbourlesse.*

**T**He Pilgrims Harbour, is  
a Christians Honour. Mild  
Moses, loving Lot, faithfull  
Abraham were excellent pat-  
ternes of this duty. Some of  
these received Angels in the  
habit of Strangers. That chari-  
table widdow would have a  
bed-stead for a Prophet. This  
I know

I know well thou approvest,  
for even thy selfe art here a *Pilgrim*  
upon earth : sojourning  
up and downe in this vale of  
misery ; wholly *harbourlesse* ,  
unlesse some take pittie of thee.  
For the very best that lives here  
upon earth , has only a place of  
*sojourning* , no place of *abiding*.  
Wee come unto our Inne , and  
the next morning we are gone.  
But let mee returne to thee ;  
and now in good sadnesse tell  
mee , hast thou to thy power  
performed this Office of chari-  
ty ? Hast thou received such  
poore *harbourlesse* Guests as  
came unto thee ? Hadst thou  
a lodging for them , in the time  
of necessity ? Took'st thou de-  
light to conferre with them ;  
to minister what was needfull  
unto them ? was their sight  
deare unto thee , and that for  
his sake who made both them  
and thee ? O no ! me thinkes  
thou



thou hangs downe thine head,  
as one who acknowledg'd him-  
selfe guilty. Thou canst not  
find one of this sort, to whom  
thou hast shewne this *Work* of  
*Mercy*. Others indeed, there  
~~are~~, to whom thou hast given  
free hospitality ; entertaining  
them cheerfully : and inlarging  
thy bosome unto them in all  
offices of court'sie. But these  
were none of Christs poore  
ones ; These were none of his  
little ones. These were none  
that stood in need of any such  
favour. These, if their hearts  
would have serv'd them, might  
as well as thy selfe have perfor-  
med these good offices : and  
with a liberall hand supplied  
others necessities. And was  
this to *harbour the harbourlesse* ?  
Christ himselfe was an exam-  
ple unto thee of great poverty :  
for whereas the *Birds* of the  
ayre

ayre had their *nests*, and the *foxes* their *holes*, yet had not hee a place whereon to rest his head.

Now thinke with thy selfe how memorable that worke of *Magdalen* was, in pouring her boxe of precious oyntment upon his head; how commendable that devout office of *Ioseph* of *Arimathea* was, in begging the body of our blessed Saviour; in embalming it, and bestowing it in a new Sepulchre; what an happy occasion little *Zacharias* had, in receiving him and giving him *harbour*. And if these were such good and acceptable Offices to the *Head*, they cannot chuse but have their reward, being with a single and sincere heart done to his Members.

*Deare Saviour, may it be mine  
honour to be hospitable to my  
poore*

poore harbourlesse Brother. For I know whatsoever I doe to one of these little ones, I doe it unto thee. And what can I doe lesse then serve thee with thine owne? For what haue I that I haue not receiued from thee? Bee it then my Crowne, to giue harbour to those needfull ones of thine which thou shalt vouchsafe to send unto me: may I lodge them in my bosome for the love I beare thee: but this I cannot doe unlesse thou giue mee a liberall heart, that I may more plenteously abound in these good workes of Charity.

## CHAP. 35.

Cloathing the naked.

**G**O into thy Wardroabe (proud Pilgrim) and see if thou findest not there two Coats

*Coats.* Both these are not thine; thy *naked* Brother has a property in one of them. Bring it forth then unto him, and *cloath* him: for if thou keepe it from him, and he perish, thou, and none but thou didst starve him. But this little moveth thee; so thou maist observe the fashion: follow the vanity of the time, and pride thy selfe in these borrowed beauties, thou little carest how thy *naked* Brother fares. Change and Choice of raiments hast thou in store for thee: and these must bee cut, flased and indented: as if thy very Garment had committed some foule crime, and were for an *Anatomy* begged. Neither is there any hope that such *like* *Misdeeds* as thou comfortest with should take any pittie of their *waked* Sister: having so little pittie on their own *waked* breasts,

*brefts*, laid open to winde and weather, to catch a deluded Lover. Good God; how much are the use of *Cloaths* inverted, from what they were first intended ! For at first *Cloaths* were made to keepe out accidentall cold, and to hold in naturall heat. Whereas now they are made to let in cold, and to keepe out heat. O I must tell thee, delicate Pilgrim, that from top to toe if thou meet thy poor Brother destitute or unprovided, and thou hast in store to supply him, and yet doest deny him, thou art a false Brother in defeating him of what is due unto him. For that very Garment which thou sufferest to Moath-eate in thy Chest; those very shooes which thou sufferest to rot; are none of thine, but the shooes and Garment of thy poor Brother: yet

yet rather then thou wilt render him what is due unto him, thou canst bee well contented that they both rot together.

And now tell me, base slime, what art thou, being in such pretious Apparell trimmed, but a Sepulchre outwardly dawbed, and inwardly with all corruption filled? But what shalt thou bee in thy Grave, when thou art stript of all that outward varnish and worthlesse grace, which made thee so seemingly compleat on earth? Nay, what will become of thy poor *Soule*, that must then suffer for giving so much way to the pride of her *Maid*? What will shee bee able to answer, when her poor starved Brother shall come forth, and in the presence of an all-knowing Iudge, there witnesse against thee, how thou hadst *Ment*, & would



wouldst not feed him ; Drinke,  
and wouldst not refresh him ;  
Lodging, and wouldst not har-  
bour him ; store of Raiments,  
and wouldst not cloath him ?

O my sweet Iesu, answer for  
mee ; for I am dumbe. Thou hadst  
but one Coat, and it was without  
Seame, to signify thine unity : and  
for this did the Souldiers cast  
Lotts, to discover their avarice  
or envy ; put upon mee the robe  
of Charity, that I may rather strip  
my selfe and become naked, then  
suffer any naked Member of  
of thine to goe from my door un-  
cloathed.

CHAP.



## CHAP. 236.

## Visiting the Sick

**T**Here can bee no greater  
mercy shewne in all those  
outward Workes of mercy,  
then in this one which is exer-  
cised in the service or ministry  
about the Sick. For in this is  
both the hungry fed, and the  
thirsty refreshed. This recei-  
veth Christ as if it had beene  
done unto him selfe, when hee  
hung upon the Croffe, and said;  
*I thirst. What soever yee have done  
unto one of my little ones, yee have  
done it unto mee.* Likewise, yee  
cloath the naked, when yee co-  
ver the Sick. And yee harbour  
the harbourlesse, when ye make  
the Sick mans Couch ready for  
him to lye in. And yee visit  
the Prisoner, when yee comfort

Mat. 25.

Humb. Sup.  
reg. B. Aug.

the Sick imprisoned by meanes of the bonds of his infirmity. Lastly, yee performe the pious office of *burying* the *Dead*, inclozing those dayes of his infirmity, with the discharge of so holy and solemne a duty. Thus by *ministering* to the *Sick*, wee performe all these *workes of mercy*. Yea, that this ministry unto the Sick, excelleth all other Workes of mercy and devotion, may bee thus proved. For in Workes of austerity or religious discipline, wee are said to serve God in the suffering of one Sense, or one Member. As in abstinence, wee serve him, and suffer for him in our taste; in Watching, in our Sight; in course raiment; in our Couch; in Silence; in our Tongue; in loathsome stench; in our smell; in dolefull noise; in our Eares, and so of the rest.

Whereas,

Whereas, in Workes of chari-  
ty, in ministering to the sick.  
First, our Eye serves him, in  
watching over him, and some-  
times in seeing fearefull visi-  
ons, in recompence whereof  
that glorious vision and diuine  
Sight of God shall be shewne  
unto Man in Heaven, for the  
Charity hee bore to his Saints  
on Earth. Secondly, our Smell  
in smelling noisome stenches.  
Thirdly, our Ear, in hear-  
ing passionate words, groans,  
Sighes & extremities. Fourth-  
ly, our Touch in standing and  
raising the Sick. Fifthly, our  
Taste, in abstaining from our  
usuall repasts for their atten-  
dants. Sixthly, our Tongue, in  
comforting them. Seventhly,  
our Feet, in running up and  
downe for them. Eighthly, our  
whole Body, in labouring di-  
uerse wayes for them, thus to

Now, tell mee, delicious Pilgrim (for I know a Worke of such rigour has closed, harshly with thine humour) hast thou bene ever in all thy time ferious, in performing this holy duty? Nay, I see thee blush, and soetly confesse, when at any time thou comest into a Spittle or Lazaretto; thine Eye could not endure the sight of an old Ulcer, nor thy Smell that Savour; nor thine Eare their clamour; nor thy Touch any poor diseased Member. Nay, thou turnedst away thine Eye, thine Eare, nay, every Sense, lest they should offend the delicacy of thy Sense: who, though thou wer't made of the same Mould, and subject to the like infirmities; yet wert thou so lightly touched with them, as thou either sleighted them, or with a cold indevout Prayer,

er, said God helpe them, without  
affording one small Crumme  
of comfort unto them.

O my deare Lord, I know all  
this to be true : and how can I ex-  
pect that the Head should either  
love mee or look upon mee, when  
his Members were so loathed by  
mee ? O my good Samaritan, binde  
up this wound : and powre the  
Balm of thy saving Grace into  
it, that it rankle not. Give mee  
a ready hand to minister to the  
Sick ; a tender heart to compas-  
sionate his griefe : in words to com-  
fort him : in works to succour  
him, in all necessities to be helpe-  
full unto him.

## CHA P. 37.

Visiting and redeeming  
the Captive.

**D**Oest thou desire to see  
such Sights as may right-  
ly improve thee? Such as may  
bring thee to a more perfect  
view or discovery of thy selfe;  
lend mee thine hand; and I  
will lead thee to such a place  
as shall do this; by presenting  
before thine eyes, an Image of  
of the World: and a Picture of  
thy selfe. An Image of the  
world shadowed in the Em-  
bleme of a *Prison*: and a Pi-  
cture of thy selfe in the Em-  
bleme of a *Prisoner*. Look  
about thee, and thou canst not  
chuse but finde variety of Ob-  
jects to put thee in mind of  
thy imprisonment. Boults,  
Shackles,



Shackles, Fetters and Mannacles. Sins of all sorts, spreading in every part or member of the body; to make thy bondage more miserably heavy. The wayes of iniquity are those *Boulds* and *Shackles*, which needes must load thee: for what greater weight then the burden of iniquity? Thy Lusts and concupiscences are those *Fetters* and *Mannacles*, which needes must restraine thee: for the too much freedome of thy body, has abridged thy Soule of her liberty, and confin'd her to live in lasting slavery.

But look upon the Prisoner! Hast thou at any time with comfort in thy Mouth, and reliefe in thy Purse, come to *visit* him? Hast thou laboured with a part or portion of thine owne Substance to *redeeme* him? O no! with what a carelesse eye,



stony heart, empty hand hast thou past the very door of that Prison, where thy poor Captive Brother lay on the cold ground, comfortlesse, succourlesse, and more miserable in his lodging then if hee were harbourlesse? thou hast heard in thy Fathers dayes, how devoutly many Men and Women were disposed in distributing a great part of their estates, and freely bestowing it upon the redemption of one Captive: so deare unto them was the liberty of a Christian. But these are either hid from thine eyes: or what is worse, thou fallest with open eyes: for long may thy Brother *Ioseph* live imprisoned, before thou visit him; long time afflicted, before thou comfort him: long time intrahled, before thou redeeme him.

Deare

Deare Lord, though I bee a  
Prisoner and have quite forgot  
my condition; never so much as  
opening to my poor Captiv'd Bro-  
ther the bowells of my compassion;  
yet shut not thine eare from the  
voyce of my Complaint. O my  
Lord, though I heard not them,  
heare thou mee: and make mee  
henceforth more ready to commu-  
nicate to their necessity; for the  
love I beare thee. My whole life  
is a Captivity; O my joy, as thou  
hast redeemed mee, so conduct mee  
to my native Countrey. O how  
can I sing my Songs in a strange  
Land! yet my desire is to sing of  
thee: for in thy due time wilt thou  
give mee a delivery out of all my  
troubles. Out of the depths will  
I cry unto thee, for thou hast had  
ever an Eare unto my misery.

## CHAP. 38.

*Burying the Dead.*

**B**Vt sure thou would'st not neglect this clozing duty, though thou camest short in performing all other offices of charity. Thou hast taken so much paines as to *bury* thy dead Brother: for even the very Heathen have performed this with due solemnity one to another. Nay, even those, who all their life long were at deadly enmity, were it but only for Neighbourhood, would not be failing in this Christian duty. And yet thou canst speake little or nothing to it. For resolve mee but in this one short question: Hadst thou never any poor Neighbour dying neare thee: and that so poorly as his whole

whole substance would not discharge his Mortuarie ? Nay, hast thou not seene the very Corpes of thy departed Brother arrested, and uncharitably staycd ; who, though he had pay'd his debt to nature, yet must receive no *buriall*, till his poor Corpes ha's discharg'd his debt unto his Creditor ? And hast thou sought to satisfy his hard hearted Creditor, that those due funerall rites might be performed to thy Brother ? Nay, hast thou not even in the City, when a black Cloud of Pestilence hung heavily over it : when they fell on thy right hand and on thy left : when thou mightst behold the late-populous and freely-frequented Streetes covered with grasse : the very walls cloathed with Mourning : hast thou not even then, I say, neglected this duty :

ty: seeking with powders and perfumes to put from thee the evill day: and in deepe healths to drench downe the remembrance of debt, death and danger: and with a forgetfull Evening to close thy dayes distemper? Nay, hast thou not beene sometimes imployed in Campe service; where the murdering Ord'nance made no difference of persons: where nothing but fire and fury raged; nothing but slaughter & horror ranged; nothing but dolefull voyces of dying Soules resounded: while breathlesse Carcasses lay here & there discatered, but un-interred: & didst thou play the good Centurion? didst afford thy charitable hand, after their Warrs, to bring them with peace to their Graves? Didst thou performe these pious offices in any place, to purchase to thy

thy Soule the glad promises of peace? O no! Thy care was for one; and so thou mightst secure that one, small care was taken for the rest. O how this selfe-love dryes up the fountaine of charity! O hadst thou but never so little laine aside this love to thy selfe; thou wouldst have shown more love unto thy Neighbour, and therein more true love to thyselfe!

*It is true, Lord, it is true; this love to my selfe made me forgetfull of all others but my selfe. O lessen this love in mee, that I may more plentifully increase in all offices of Charity! O give mee a charitable hand, a cheerfull heart; that I may henceforth have a care to see those holy duties performed, which I have so long time neglected. Be they Spirituall or Corporall, let their due discharge,*



charge be my Memoriall. But, holy Father, first prepare me, that I may become better fitted for every distinct duty. As first in Spirituall duties, give mee facility in Teaching the Ignorant; Affability in correcting the Delinquent; Ability in Counselling the indigent; charity in comforting the Afflicted; Resolution in suffering injuries patiently; Compassion in forgiving offences heartily; Devotion in praying for my Persecutors fervently. Likewise, in Corporall duties; Make me ready to feed the hungry; with that happy Samaritan, to give drinke to the thirsty; with those good Patriarchs, to harbour the harbourlesse and conduct them safely; with devout Dorcas, to cloath the naked and needy; with thee my best Master, to visit the sick, and if it lye in my power, to ease their



their malady; with courageous Iosiah, to visit & redeem those that are in Captivity; and with holy Ioseph of Arimathea, to bury the dead, with the performance of every other holy duty.

O my God, may my weary Pilgrims steps be so directed that they may daily draw nearer and nearer to Heaven, whereto they are addressed.

### CHAP. 39

With sorrow of heart he remembers those Eight Beattitudes, whereof he hath deprived himselfe, by giving entertainment to sinne.

**W**Oe is me! what good thing may I expect from his hand that made mee, when I have done none of those

those things for which hee made mee? If I looke not into my selfe, I am wholly unknowne to my selfe: and if I looke into my selfe, I am not able to endure my selfe. I understand, and the more unhappy I, not to make use of his goodnesse towards mee, how I could not partake with him in his Kingdome of glory, if I labour'd not by a good and gracious life to imitate those blessed stepps of his during my reside here in this vale of misery. And now with sorrow of heart, I remember, how and in what manner I have contemned all those *holy duties* formerly repeated: and consequently deprived my selfe; my poor neglected soule, bought at so high price, of all those *Beatitudes*, pronounced on such godly ones, as have walked before

fore the Lord in uprightnesse  
of heart. Woe is mee, what  
will become of mee ? when I  
shall take up my bed amongst  
Scorpions ? when my deare  
Saviour, that victorious Lion of  
the Tribe of *Inda*, shall demand  
of mee *what hast thou done ?* un-  
der whose *Banner* hast thou  
fought ? if under mine, where  
be thy *Colours* ? mine were red  
ones ; died in my pretious  
bloud ; my *Crimson Wounds*.  
But those thou wear'st are none  
of mine. They are more like  
the Enemies then mine. Hee  
can be no reteiner to mee, who  
scorns to weare my livery. He  
cannot be my Disciple that will  
not follow mee. And wherein  
hast thou followed mee ; un-  
lesse it were to betray mee ? or  
to rob mee of my glory ? And  
such ever hath bin the pursuit of  
all the Enemies of my Crosse.

*Deare*

Deare Iesu, I appeale from thy Throne of justice to thy Seat of mercy. I must confesse I have not followed thee as a faithfull retainer, but a back-sliding follower. Nay, I deserve martiall Law, for I have fled from thy Colours: and become a Confederate with thy Enemies: yet, deare Lord, behold my teares, for thou accountest them precious when they are offer'd by a Contrite heart. O doe not leave mee, for my Soule longeth after thee: even as in a dry ground where no water is, so has I been thirsted after thee.

And now, Lord, that I may present my selfe before thee with more humility, I will ever set my imperfections before mee: remembering what good I have omitted when I had opportunity to doe it; againe, what evill I have committed, when the remembrance of thy  
mercy

mercy might have declined me from  
it. Amongst which let me now call  
to mind these Blessings thy gra-  
cious goodnesse ha's pronounced  
to every faithfull follower; and  
then examine my selfe, whether I  
deserve or no to be listed in that  
number.

**CHAP. 40.**  
Blessed are the poor in spirit; for  
theirs is the Kingdom  
of Heaven.

**H**umility is the Path that  
leadeth to glory. There is  
no virtue that can subsist with-  
out it. This may be one reason  
why the very first Beatitude is  
grounded on it. But what are  
we to learne from hence? Not  
to be high-minded; but of an  
humble and meeke Spirit. In  
suffering

suffering dishonour, for the honour of our Saviour. In possessing our Soules with patience. In mitigating wrath with mildnesse. In relinquishing himselfe; in preferring others before himselfe. In judging well of others; but worst of himselfe. In wishing unto others, as to himselfe. In rejoycing in nothing but in the Crosse of Christ: yet unfainedly suffering with those who suffer for Christ.

Now return and accompt, proud Pilgrim, whether there appeare any tokens of this *poor spirit* in thee? Hast thou not ever retained a good opinion of thine owne worthlesse worth? Hast thou not bene of a Contentious spirit? Hast thou not answered reproach with reproach? Hast thou not bene more ready in defending thine



thine owne honour; then advancing the honour of thy Saviour? Hast thou not become so farre from *possessing* thy Soule in *patience*, as thou couldst: not endure the least affront without much violence? Hast thou with *soft* words mitigated *wrath*? Nay, hast thou never suffered the *Suspect* to *sermpt* thy *wrath*? Hast thou in an humble contempt of thy selfe, preferred others before thy selfe? Nay, rather hast thou not with the Spirit of contradiction opposed thy judgment against others, and out of a foolish presumption made an Idol of thy selfe? Hast thou in the Scale of Charity, preferred others before thy selfe or rather, hast thou not rashly judged others in thine heart, and in thy too strict examination of him concluded with that proud *refuse*,  
mecke





meek spirit a spirituall beauty;  
and after this life, through thy  
mercy become inheritor of that  
Kingdom which thou hast pre-  
pared for those that love thee.

CHAP. 411.

Blessed are the meek, for they  
shall possess the Earth.

**H**ere is a promise that the  
meek shall possess the  
earth: and yet is it hard to find  
a spirit truly meek upon the  
earth. By which thou must  
gather (poor Pilgrim) that  
there is another Earth besides  
this Earth we tread on,  
which shall be given for a  
possession to the meek. That di-  
vers Earth, prepared ready  
for such who have obtained  
their desires from earth. This  
being

is

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is a Land which floweth with better things then *Milke* and *Honey*. An heavenly *Havilah*, where the purest *Gold* is to be found : nay, where the very *Streets* are Paved with *Gold*; the *Walls* are of pretious *Stones*; the *Gates* are made of the best *Margarites*; those many *Mansions* founded of square *stones*, built of *Saphires*, arched over with golden *Bricks*: which none must enter but he that is cleane, none must inhabit that is defiled. Where then must thy possession be in this *Land of promise*? what *Mansion* must thou expect in this *Holy City*? Wo is me! I am unclean; I am unclean; from head to foot there is nothing in me but *boyles*, *sores* and *runnings*. How may I then look there to receive any *Mansion*, seeing to a *Cleane Lord* is required

quired a cleane Habitation ?  
How may I thinke that my  
Master will looke on mee, who  
all my life time have observed  
least what hee commanded  
most : practised nothing more  
then what he prohibited ; neg-  
lected nothing more then what  
hee commanded ? How may  
I expect from his hands a blef-  
sing ; or this promised possession  
of that earth ; who never  
shewed so much as the least  
meeknesse upon earth ? Yet did  
that *meek* Lambe, who became  
an offering for me, leave such a  
patterne unto mee ; that if I  
were not wholly unmindfull of  
my soules honour : nor wholly  
forgetfull of the love of such a  
Master, I could not chuse but  
after his example become his  
*meek* and obedient Follower.  
For his whole life was a *Mir-  
ror* of meeknesse: seeing from the

*Cratch to the Crosse he suffered all things patiently, beare all reproaches meekely, to reach unto thee from the tree of his Crosse a Crowne of glory.*

*O my Redeemer imprint this meeknesse of thine in my memory; let it never depart from me; put a meeke and mild answer into my mouth, when any one shall revile me. Let me referre my cause unto thee, and that with such Christian Charity, as I may sincerely pray for mine Enemy: and in meeknesse of spirit to imitate the example of that meeke Lambe, who with so resigned a will became a Sacrifice for me.*

**CHAP.**

## CHAP. 42.

*Blessed are they that mourne, for  
they shall be comforted.*

**T**Hat wise Preacher could  
say, *It was better going to  
the House of mourning, then to  
the house of rejoycing.* And yet  
how little did this admonition  
worke upon thy thoughts?  
How pleasant have those *Con-  
sorts of death*; those *Brethren  
in euill* seem'd unto thee? How  
merrily the houre went away?  
Nothing was wanting to  
make your delights more com-  
plete: but that you wanted  
time to make your follies more  
complete. Full cups, merry  
Songs, prophane Oathes were  
the onely Actors that presented  
themselves in this expence of  
time. A long night is done past



over, but not so easily accounted for. But tell me, thou misguided Pilgrim, were't thou as quick in thy visits to the house of mourning? didst thou labour to comfort the comfortlesse? Didst thou mourne with those that mourn'd; or with a tender Christian heart suffer with those that suffer'd? O no! shall I rather tell thee what thou hast done? Thou hast rejoyced when others mourned; taken content when others suffered. Nay, if at any time thou mourned'st, it was such, as God himselfe was provoked with it. For thou either immoderately mourned'st for the losse of thy friend, and so offended'st him with thy excessive mourning; or what was worse, for the losse of some temporall substance, and so provoked him with thy indiscreet sorrowing;

or



or which was worse, for that thou mightst not enjoy thy full of pleasure; and so plunge thy soule downe into the balefull pit of perdition for ever.

Thy desire was to passe time over with a merry heart : and to satisfie her in the lusts thereof. And yet thou hadst so much divinity in thee as sometimes to consider, how none could partake in comfort here and elsewhere. How none could be there comforted, who was not here afflicted. How none could be there solaced, unlesse hee here sorrowed. How the Almighty had a Sonne without sinne, but none without a scourge. One, who wept often, but was never scene to laugh. One who from his birth to his death made his life a continued Scene of sorrow. One, who in the bitterness of

K 3      his

his soule called and cryed to all  
such as past by him, to come  
unto him, to behold him, and  
witnesse with him, *If ever  
there were sorrow like unto his  
sorrow.*

*O no my deare Saviour, there  
was never sorrow like unto thy  
sorrow, yet I who occasion'd thy  
sorrow, partake little in thy sor-  
row! O bring mee now to a true  
sense of my sinne; to a true sor-  
row for my endanger'd soule. Let  
my eyes be so well acquainted  
with teares; as my affection may  
be estranged from all joyes. Let  
mee become so happy a Mourner,  
as with devout Magdalen, I may  
become an hearty Convert of an  
bainous sinner, and so by ceasing  
from sinne, become a welcome  
Guest to my Saviour.*

CHAP.

CHAP. 43.

*Blessed are they that hunger and  
thirst after righteousness,  
for they shall bee  
satisfied.*

**M**Any times hast thou hun-  
gred; oft hast thou thirst-  
ed; but tell mee was this for  
righteousnesse? No; this hun-  
ger of thine was rather like the  
Prodigals in *hungering* after the  
buskes of vanity; or like Esau's  
in *hungering* after delicacie; or  
like Ahabs in *hungering* after  
anothers Vineyard greedily; or  
like Hamons in *hungering* after  
honour gracelessly. And the  
like was thy thirst; Thou thirst-  
ed, but it was with Gebezay,  
after gold; or with those be-  
fore the Flood, after fall cups;  
or like Nimrod, after blood;  
or like Annon after lust.

All this while, resolve mee where thine heart is? It cannot be lodged in the Sanctuary, being so betroathed to vanity. Thy delight cannot bee in the Law of the Lord. Thine heart can never endite a good matter, so long as thou suffers it to wander from thee like light *Thamar* after this manner. O how farre is this after *hungering* how to promote Gods glory? how farre is this from *thirsting* after workes of mercy? For howsoever some of these, who dedicate themselves to the devotion of the world: upon a more serious remembrance of Gods heauey judgements, prepared for every rebellious and impenitent Sinner, may sometimes seeme struck with remorse of conscience; and heartily wish with *Balaam* the death of the righteous: yet so long

long as they care not for walking in the wayes of the righteous: nor with an humble holy zeale thirst after righteousness; nor mortifie their desires by the Law of obedience: they may bee long time wishers before they bee enjoyers. Such desires can never produce good effect, which are not seconded with the fruits of a good life. Where piety has lost her practise; there is small comfort in the Court of Conscience. As the faithfull man liveth by faith; so must hee live in the life of faith: and walke according to the profession of his faith; or hee shall never receive the promises of faith. Hee who believes whatsoever is necessarily to bee believed: and observeth whatsoever is by the divine Law of God commanded, that man shall be accepted. But what is

to bee expected in this wide world, this wilde wilderness; where there appears such want of obedience in youth; such want of devotion in age; such want of conscience in both? And what art thou, unhappy Pilgrim, who speakest these things; but as *leaven* to make *soure* the *Lump*? Thy life hath corrupted many, reclaimed none. None more ready to sinne; none more slow to sigh for those sinnes which hee hath committed. None *hungering* nor *thirsting* more after those troubled brooks of vanity and lightnesse; none *hungering* nor *thirsting* lesse after those precious treasures of Righteousnesse.

Deare Lord, be mercifull unto mee a Sinner. I thirst, Lord, I thirst; give mee to drinke of those

those waters of life: for unlesse thou helpe mee, and reach them to mee, I remaine desolate and hopelesse of reliefe in this time of my necessity. Sweet Iesu, the well is deepe, and I have not wherewith to draw; unlesse thou draw mee to thee, and bestow on mee what with all humility I begge of thee. O increase in mee an holy hunger and constant thirst after righteousness; that my wayes and workes may bee sanctified throughout in the practise of obedience.

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CHAP. 44.

Blessed are the mercifull, for they shall obtaine mercy.

**C**ANST thou, unmercifull Pilgrim, looke for mercy at the hand of thy Maker; and never.



never so much as open the bowels of thy compassion to thy poore Brother? Art thou not in farre deeper arcres to him that made thee; - then hee is unto thee, whom thou usest so unmercifully? what would become of thee, if hee should deale with thee according to his justice? and throw thee into that Lake of fire and brimstone; where the *worme* is ever gnawing and never dying; *fire* ever burning and never cooling; and *death* ever living and never ending? where woe and sorrow, howling and gnashing of teeth is the best melody that raging *Tophet* can afford. Now, to avoide a place of such endlesse torment, who would not suffer the losse of any temporall estate, nay even of life it selfe? Yet thou, unhappy one, wilt not make thee

thee friends of thy worldly *Mammon* ; nor in *workes* of *mercy* expresse thy felfe a Christian. Every where maist thou find subjects fit to exercise thy Charity ; in every lane, in every street thy poore languishing Brother begging reliefe for his sake, who suffer'd death for thy sake : and yet thou turnest away thy face from him : his many ragges and running sores make thee abhorre him. Again, thou canst not encounter thy Debter but with much distemper ; though the times be hard ; his family poore ; and his necessities great ; yet conceivest thou no pittie of his distressed estate. Thou layes thine *executions* upon him , throwes him into prison ; where it is the least of thy care what become of him. Let him starve for food, thou art well contented ; his  
poore

poor enfeebled corps no sooner lose their breath, then thou lo-  
sest thy debt, and art herewith  
well satisfied.

Againe, should any poore  
way-faring soule repaire to thy  
house, this Cell of thy Pilgri-  
mage; and after that ordinary  
forme of begging in *Italy*,  
should beseech thee *to doe good  
for thine owne sake*; thine an-  
swer, as it has been ever, would  
be like that churlish *Nabals*:  
*Shall I give my bread and my  
flesh unto strangers?* Tell mee  
then how canst thou looke for  
the least drop of *mercy*, who  
in all thy time hast been a stran-  
ger to the *Workes of mercy*?  
Oh when *hee* shall demand of  
thee, who gave himselfe for  
thee; where bee those *hungry*  
soules which thou hast relie-  
ved; those *thirsty* ones whom  
thou hast refreshed; those  
*naked*

naked ones whom thou hast  
cloathed ; Those *harbourlesse*  
Pilgrims whom thou hast har-  
boured ; those sickly members  
whom thou hast visited ; those  
comfortlesse *Captives* whom  
thou hast redeemed ; those last  
*Obits* or *Offices* which thou to  
thy dead Brother shouldst have  
performed ? what *Advocate*  
then canst thou find to plead  
for thee ? who is hee that will  
speake a good word for thee to  
the King , that his wrath may  
be appeased towards thee ? oh  
none, none ; Thou art wholly  
left to thy selfe, and utterly lost  
in thy selfe : and even in thine  
owne bosome shalt find that  
witness to accuse thy selfe : as  
nothing may remaine but the  
expectance of a terrible and ir-  
revocable sentence.

Lord O God of mercy, deale not  
with mee according to the measure  
of my sinnes; for they are exceed-  
ingly multiplied: but according to  
thy great mercy put away my ini-  
quities, that thy name may be  
magnified. O Lord, thou who  
delightest in mercy, and wilt haue  
mercy on those on whom thou wilt  
haue mercy, make mee to delight  
in that wherein thou delightest,  
that in the day of wrath I may  
find mercy.

#### CHAP. 45.

Blessed are the cleane in heart,  
for they shall see God.

**C**AN the Leopard lay away  
his spots, or the Ethiopian  
his blacknesse? As the Leper  
in the old Law was comman-  
ded to cry out, I am uncleane,  
I am

*I am uncleane* : So I, a foule  
sinfull Leper, may cry out in  
the same manner, that men  
may shun me lest they become  
infected by my behaviour. For  
as the foule is farre more preci-  
ous then the body : so is the  
Leprosie of sinne farre more  
dangerous then that of the  
skinne. The Swan, if at any  
time shee pride her selfe in her  
beauty, no sooner looks upon  
her *black feet* ; then she wailes  
her *plumes*. Miserable Pil-  
grim ! Looke at thy *blacke*  
*feet*, how they are ever walking  
in the wayes of sinne ; Looke  
at thy *blacke hands*, how they  
are ever with greedinesse com-  
mitting sinne ; Looke at thy  
black prophane *mouth*, how it  
is ever belching forth motives  
to sinne ; looke at thy blacke  
projecting *braine*, how it is  
ever plotting new wayes or  
passages



passages for sinne. Look at thy blacke deccitfull *heart*, how it is ever imagining how to strengthen the arme of sinne, Looke at thy black corrupted *Liver*, which proves thee a corrupt *Liver*, how it is infected with sinne. Nay, looke at every part, and every where shalt thou find this spirituall Leprosie raging and raigning; spreading and streaming into every veine, every joynt or artery? And yet what an *Idoll* thou makest of thy selfe? how ready thou art to justifie thy selfe? How farre from craving thy good Physicians helpe, as thou wilt rather dye then confesse thy want of health? Truth is, there is no sinne of a more dangerous quality, then this spirituall Idolatry; for by it whatsoever is in value least is honoured most: And againe, what-



whatsoever in honour most, is valued least. Oh hadst thou (unmindfull Pilgrim) looked so carefully to the cleansing of thine *inward house*, as thou hast done to the needlesse trimming of thine *outward house*: hadst thou beene as mindfull of cleansing thine heart, as thou hast beene of brushing thine habit: oh then these leproous spots which now appeare so foully on thee, had never infected thee! Then had thy life beene a Lampe unto others; then had the affections of thine heart beene pure: yea, God himselfe had prepared in thee a Tabernacle for himselfe to dwell in; a Bed of flowers for him to repose in; a Temple for him to be prayesd in. See then what thou hast lost, by losing that beauty which should have delighted him most! The *sight of God.* Woe

Woe is mee, what a losse is this? To be deprived, and of that eternally, in the fruition whereof consists all glory & The sight of God! Woe is mee! that ever I was borne, to lose that for which I was borne; for which I was re-borne! The sight of God! The nourishment of every Angelicall soule; This have I lost by not cleansing my heart: for the cleane in heart shall only see God.

O cleanse mee from my secret finnes! O forgive me my strange finnes! O let mee now returne to thee with my whole heart: and cleanse thou mine heart; that I may make godlinesse my gaine, and with these eyes see thee, my God of Sion.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 46.

*Blessed are the Peace-makers, for  
they shall be called the  
Children of God.*

**I** Beseech you, that neighbour  
near me, and whose testimony  
may much availe me; speake for  
me; have I since I sojourned a-  
mongst you, laboured to com-  
pose peace, or to prevent occa-  
sion of Suites? Have I per-  
formed any office that might  
tend to ~~praise~~ *praise*? Oh speake for  
me; be it your charity to speake  
for me: for unless your chari-  
ty doc it, sure I am my endea-  
vours have little deserved it.  
And; I see you cannot justly  
speake one good word to the  
King for mee: For my con-  
versation hath been otherwise  
amongst you. The spirit of  
con-

contention and contradiction  
raigned in me: and so farre di-  
vided was I from the bond of  
charity, as I delighted in no-  
thing more then nursing enmi-  
ty. Injuries I would beare  
none: nay, rather then embrace  
*peace*, I would make injuries  
of none. Neighbourly arbitra-  
tions I neither affected nor ad-  
mitted: it was; my counsell  
ever that suits should bee com-  
menced: Let the Law try it,  
though the cause were not  
worth a fee for which we con-  
tended. Nay, to feed this fire  
of debate with new fuel; I  
told such who repaired to mee  
for advise (damnable advice to  
lead a deluded Client into the  
height of all vice) that to beare  
an injury, were to make every  
one their enemy. How hee  
who forgives him that  
wronged him, encourage him

to picke a new quarrell at him : while the remitting of one becomes the admitting of another : yea, where a wrong is threatned and not revenged, it emboldneth the Actor to see it executed. - Thus lay I a snare privily to catch the simple and innocent doer ; and by my mischievous counsell to make him of a Lover of peace a common Barreter: But evill Counsell is worst for the Counsellor; this I find too true to my discomfort. For now me thinks all those differences which I raised; all those quarrels which I started ; present themselves before thee, threatning nothing less then perdition to me: for by the malicious instigation of Satan, they buzze like Bees about me, and with strong hand bring mee forth, before the face of heaven and earth publicly to accuse

accuse me. This is hee, say they, who would be called the *Child of God*; but how can hee have any interest in that title; how dares he presume to derive any such promise from *God*, who all his life time has beene a profest Enemy to the *peace* of *God*? Hee has laboured to encourage Neighbour against Neighbour; to bring all things into confusion by his distemper; and may such an one have any hope to aspire to a title of such honour? The world has beene long since weary of him; because nothing but contention relished well with him: and shall his spirit which disquieted every place, and became an instrument of faction in every place, enjoy the comfort of *peace*? On the reward of such as embrace *peace*; or that superlative title of those *Peace-makers*,



makers, to be called one of the *Children of God*? Thus may I, poore Pilgrim, be justly accused, and by what meanes may I be freed? How may I cleare these accusations, whereof I am not onely endited, but convicted.

Even by thy meditation, my deare Saviour; who brought peace unto us, by suffering so many things for us. O be thou my Peace-maker, my sweet Redeemer! Let mee now at last, after my breach of peace with thee, and with those whom I ought to have shewne my selfe peaceable to, for thee; let mee, I say, love peace and ensue it, that I may enjoy that Crowne of peace, after my dismissal from this Campe of Earth, which thou before all times hast prepared for those who embraced peace upon Earth.

L

And



*And since none can bee called the  
Child of God, unlesse hee bee a  
Peace maker; give me grace to  
love and live in peace, that I may  
receive that blessed title from  
thee, my only Saviour.*

### CHAP. 47.

*Blessed are they that suffer perse-  
cution for righteousnesse sake  
for theirs is the king-  
dome of heaven.*

**S**Traite is the Gate, and nar-  
row is the way that leadeth  
unto life, and few there be that  
enter in at it: the reason is, be-  
cause by many tribulations wee  
are to come unto it. The high  
way unto the Crowne, is by the  
Crosse. Christian devotion and  
spirituall discipline must bee  
workes of paine, not of the  
pillow:

contented. So shall my hope bee  
in thee planted; my heart on thee  
fixed; and my home by thee filled.

CHAP. 51.

*Lechery.*

BY this time I had received  
sufficient instructions from  
two of my Guests how to  
thrive in the world; how  
wise how to reserve a port or  
proud posture in the world.  
And howsoever *Pride* and *Co-  
vetousnesse* seemed to bee of  
different conditions: and of  
such dis-consorting humours,  
as these two never tooke liking  
to any *Musicke*, but what was  
full of *discord*: yet me thought  
they agreed well enough toge-  
ther under my roofe: yea, I  
I bestow'd them in the very  
next

next lodging to mee, that I might enjoy the benefit of their Company more freely.

But having now broke off my discourse with that Guest of mine; a man wholly made of earth; and looking aside, I might perceive a fresh youthfull Confort entring the room, where wee conversed. By his habit, gate and fashion, I could scarcely distinguish him, whether hee were man or woman. So strangely effeminate, and to light discourses so affected, as hee breathed nothing but amorous Songs and Sonnets; loose love was the line by which hee directed the whole course of his life. His bosome was farced full of amorous Knights adventures: His morning Lectures were *Boccace* and *Alcarnus*: His evening Anthems were *Ariosto* and *Reginus*. For his

his person, he was of a promising constitution, but of pale complexion: a quick piercing eye; a nimble perswasive tongue: and of such a wooing winning action, as no expression came from him which would not enforce affection. I must confesse, I no sooner saw him, then I found a glowing heat within mee towards him: yea, I begunne mee thought, to conceive better of him, then either of the two with whom I had before conversed; so full of delightfull variety was his discourse; so melodious his voyce; so affectionately moving and compleate in every part. I desired much to know his descent and Countrey: and hee resolved mee readily; that his first plantation was neere to the banks of that famous River *Sybaris*: where he erected

M

a Schoole

a Schoole for love : afterwards richly endowed by such eminent proficientes as had beene Schollers in it : but desiring much to see forraine Countries, not onely to improve his own knowledge , but observe her commands to whose service he stood obliged ; Hee coasted along by *Paphos*, where his Mother, the Sovereignesse of every loyall Lover, then kept Court. And from thence with merry gale hee came to *Cyprus* : and some few moneths after to renowned *Latium*. Where hee found such entertainment , as neither care nor cost were wanting to procure his liking. I importun'd him much to heare some of those Lessons which he had formerly taught : and wherein I desired much to become his Scholler : but small importunity needed, seeing his  
owne

owne desires were thereto directed : so as , taking me apart from the rest of the Company, hee imparted to mee such directions, as nothing became more pleasing to me then the embraces of folly. Wanton Pictures , light amorous Poems ; loose licentious meetings ; luscious Feastings seized so strongly on my deluded fancy ; as *love* became both my *Ditty* and *Deity*. For hee advised me to walke by the twi-light ; and to engage mine honour to an Harlot. Thus was I drawn by the cords of vanity ; made a slave to sinne ; an enemy to my owne soule ; and in the end a by-word to the people.

*O my beloved what may I answer in defence of my lost honour, woe is mee miserable wretch to lose that without all hope of re-*



covery, which I should have preserved perpetually ! O incomparable and inconsolable losse, to loose that which is not onely the losse of all goodnesse, but the purchase of all torments ! O thou pretious treasure of a continent soule, how unhappily am I robbed of thee ? O my soule, my beloved, how art thou now to bee loathed ! O my soule, no more my solace, but my anguish ! O my deare, how art thou now become my despaire ! whether art thou false ? how hast thou left me ; nay how hast thou left mee of those comforts which I expected from thee ? To what a sinke of all filth, and pollution, hast thou, O lust of my flesh drawne mee ? How may I hope for pardon, in playing so impudently the wanton ? Even by thy mediation, my sweet Saviour ; O offer up my poore petition unto thy Father, that I may become



*come thy devout Saint and Ser-  
vant, who was sometimes a ser-  
vant to sinne in every member.*

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CHAP. 52.

*Envy.*

**H**AVING thus freely enjoyed  
the conference of these  
three Guests; in whose fami-  
liarity I took much content.  
For as the *first* and *third* had  
recommended to mee *Rules* of  
*State*, and *motives* to *pleasure*;  
so had the *Second* taught mee  
a thriving way how to cram  
my Coffers, that I might more  
fully maintaine the port both  
of th' one and th' other; hold-  
ding my selfe satisfied in these;  
I resolved to enter into treaty  
with the rest: so as walking  
one day very early, I chanced

to meet with one, but the un-  
becoming'st one of all my  
Guests, for his complexion  
seem'd so withered and de-  
cayed : his body so meagre  
and macilent ; as he appeared  
rather like some *Anatomy* then  
any living Creature. This  
poor marrow-eaten Wretch I  
found sighing and making a  
pittifull mone, as if some hea-  
vy mis-chance had befallne  
him : but inquiring the reason  
of his sorrowing, he told mee  
that the occasion of his griefe  
proceeded not from any mis-  
happe falling to himselfe ; but  
for the happinesse he perceived  
many others lived in. For to  
see anothers field flourish ; or  
his goods to increase and pros-  
per ; was such an eye-sore unto  
him, as nothing could more  
distemper him. This I con-  
ceived to be a base condition,  
and

and such as to humanity had very small relation. So as, I resolved to quit my house of him; and give him his Passport: finding nothing in him but an harsh unsociable humour; rejoycing in nothing more then the ruine of another, yet desiring to sift him a little further, and to the bottom, to make tryall of his nature; I took first, occasion to demand of him of what Parents hee descended; and in what Coast he first planted? and he told mee, that *Iewry* was his native Countrey; and his *Parents Iewes*; with whom he long time remained neare to the Lake *Asphaltos*. I asked of him what content he could take in the World, when nothing but the evill successe of others presented him any object of joy in the world? And he answer'd

M 4

mee,

mee, if I knew what strange content the *Envious* man apprehended from others misfortunes, I would preferre that humour before any personall honour: for, said hee, whosoever stands so affected, hee cannot want variety of Subjects to minister to him that content which he desired. I must, indeed, confesse, quoth he, that I am of necessity now & then to encounter with some arguments of discontent; as I did this very Morning in seeing your Neighbours Pastures so fruitfull; their harvest so hopefull: but for one of these Objects, I shall find an hundred occasions of content. No place is exempted from mee: no person excepted from playing one part or other in this enterlude of folly. O how it joyes mee to see a proud ambitious spirit entring

entring lists with his Competitor : where the one must necessarily fall to advance the other ? Honour was their bait, and it proves their baine. Againe, to see a Love-sick amorous Foole put his whole patrimony on his back, to enamour his light Mistresse with a phantastick Dresse: and in the end come home with a repulse: and so like a Child put finger ith' Eye : or laying it to heart, make the losse of her fancy, the Cloze of his misery. Againe, to see a miserable covetous Father scraping up an injurious estate for a Prodigall Child; who before his Fathers Funerall bee solemnized, takes as much paines how to scatter it, as ever his raking Father did to gather it. Or to see a base worlding spend himselfe in sighs and teares for the losse of  
M<sup>y</sup> his

his beast ; making himselfe no better by his foolish mourning then that poor senselesse Creature for which he mourned. To see wisemen lament for the death of their Children ; as if death were some new thing ; or that there were no hope after Death. To see a confident Client faile in his Suite ; or an Earth-worme stript of his estate. And is not this brave sport for an *envious* spirit.

This I considered, and methought I begun to bee taken with the pleasure of it. The report of others well-fare became distastfull to mee ; their mis-fortunes cheerefull newes unto me. Others Weale became my Wo, others Wo my Weale.

O my redeemer, thou who art perfect charity, remove from mee the rust of envy. Too long has  
this



this canker eaten mee. O let mee  
neither do nor wish that unto an-  
ther, which I would not have  
done nor wished to my selfe. O  
make mee such an enemy to this  
Sinne, as I may live in love; yea  
rather cease to live, then surcease  
to love thee for thy selfe, my  
Neighbour for thy sake.

CHAP. 53.

Gluttony.

NO sooner had I dismiss  
this starveling; then I  
encountred another cleare of  
another temper: plump he  
was and well-liking; one who  
cared not much what arrow of  
Gods judgment were thot, so  
famine were left out. He told  
mee, he had beene a professor  
of Philosophy in the Epicures  
Academy.

Academy. How he was by nation a *Sidonian*, and descended from the *Vitellian* family. Albeit, in the manner of his discourse, he discovered no great arguments of a Scholler; being of a dull and clodded fancy: and of apprehension slow and heavy. His providence meerly consisted in purveyance for the belly. Wherein hee observed such delicacie; as hee scorned much to sit at that Table which was not stored with all Variety. I told him Strangers were not to be so curious; but rather contented with whosoever was for the present provided. Wherewith seeming a little moved; Sir, said he, I am neither so wanting in friends nor fortunes, as I need rely upon reversions. I have thus long lived and fed deliciously, making my Bellie my Deitie. And

if

if you knew what delight there were in a luscious Tooth, and what pleasure in full Dishes; what strength they afford to nature : and how they infuse into the Bloud a fresh reviving vigour, I am perswaded you would preferre this delight before any other pleasure.

Sir, answer'd I, take me not up so shortly ; I was never yet knowne such a niggard ; as for sparing a little trash to starve my Belly. Others through their misery may stand indebted to it, but for my part I will rather choose to abridge mine *Inventorie*, then be so taxed by it.

But by your favour I must tell you what I have heard ; that *Surfets* kill more then the *Sword*. How he who makes a God of his Bellie, surfets in the delight of such a daintie

daintie Deitie. And I have sometimes read *Lessius* his practise in Physick. How, when Nature grew so weake in him, as there was no hope of recovering him : and that his Physicians had left him: yet by prescribing himselfe a strict Diet, and by duely observing what he had prescribed ; he even in his declining age became youthfull ; in his recreations fresh and cheerfull : and even to his death strong and healthfull.

And yet he for all this died (said my delicious Guest) and tell me then what did his rules of Physick, availe him ? Go to, Sir, he that lives Physically, lives miserably ; let us cramme and feed our selves fat while wee live ; satisfy our desires in what wee love. So long as wee live in the World, let us enjoy  
with

with all freedom, the pleasures of the World. Abstinence suites better with an hermitage then a Pallace.

Take so much paines one day as goe into a Monasterie; and what will you find there, but, as *Climacus* observeth, *Breathing Coarſes*? their spirits waſted; their radicall moiſture with their Lampe-oyle conſumed; nothing left to preſent the reſemblance of men, ſave only bare Sceletons, or fleſh-leſſe Images of men; and theſe ſo uſeleſſe for Earth, as their ſole devotions and deſignes are for Heaven. But leaving theſe, if you pleaſe but to take a turne or two in our Epicureall Cloiſters: you ſhall find Creatures of a freſh and flouriſhing vigour; of a ſtrong and ſinnowy temper: and ſuch as promiſe a numerous ſupply to  
people

people the world ; defend the State : and restore nature.

This discourse came with such confidence from him , as I had no mind to interrupt him. Yea , his advice wrought such impression on mee , as I begun to loath nothing more then temperance , and to love nothing better then *delicacy*. Thus begun I to loose the hopes of a better life , for enjoying the delights of this present life. O where was my reason to suffer my selfe to be deprived of joy eternally , for the pleasures of sinne so fraile , deceitfull and transitory.

*O my deare Lord, let mee now  
at last looke towards Canaan, and  
leave these flesh pots of Egypt.  
O suffer not my heart to be loaden  
with surfeting and drunkenness :  
but arme mee with moderation and  
tem-*



*temperance. I know well Lord, how thou for my sake were't afflicted with poverty; and shall I in contempt of thee be affected to delicacy? Nay, Lord; I will chuse rather to perish with hunger, then by my excesse occasion thy dishonour. O be it my desire devoutly to serve thee by subduing of the flesh; that I may raigne with thee by suffering no sinne to raigne in my flesh.*

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#### CHAP. 54.

##### *Wrath.*

**T**He very next I took occasion to talke withall, was the most braving and imperious Guest that ever any one gave harbour to. For during those few dayes wherein hee had sojourned with mee, he beguine  
to

to keepe such a quarter, as if the whole house had beene at his command. Not a servant but shak't and shudder'd whensoever hee came in presence. So techie and froward was his humour, that all things seemed in his judgement out of order. Thus did my whole family suffer through his fury. So as indeed, I had a great desire to quit my house of him: for daily did mine cares glow with complaints against him. No servant would stay with mee so long as hee remained with mee. All things grew out of joynt; all things out of square. And now having resolved to put in speedy execution what I had intended; I tooke the opportunity to acquaint him with my mind. But when I had told him, how my whole family grew weary of him:

him : and that I might of necessity keepe my house alone, if I rid not my doores of him : Hee fell into such a furious passion, as I feared much he would have offered some violence to mee : but as good fortune was, his fury resolv'd it selfe into words : which were delivered in that braving and domineering manner ; as mee thought I begunne to take affection to that humour. For he told me, and that in such a scornewfull way, as not a word came from him but it breathed contempt, or threatned a mischief, that if I thought hee was beholden to me for my entertainment, I was much deceived : for he held my entertainment so unworthy of him , as I might hold my selfe sufficiently contented that hee would accept of it. But Sir, said hee I must tell you,  
I can-

I cannot chuse but smile at your folly ; to see you thus overaw'd and baffall'd by your own family. Your indiscreet patience, if you quicken not your temper, will ere it bee long, make you a Servant of a Master : and by their malepertnesse bring your command into a bondage.

Your Neighbours too, they observe the quietnesse of your disposition ; and they play upon your easinesse. For shame, be of sharper mettall. Make your Servants tremble when they heare you : and enforce that commanding awe to your inferiours, that as if they heard thunder, they may *blesse themselves*, when they come neare you. Impunity opens a passage to all impiety ; if any commended or committed to your charge shall but lightly offend ;  
yet

yet you must not be too indulgent in rendring a pardon. I hold it farre better, and for your state or condition fitter, never to debate the cause with mildnesse, for that tasteth of too much softnesse, but to *strike* before you *speake*; to season your reproofe with correction, which will beget in you a reverence, and in them more subjection. This that Roman *Vedius* could doe bravely; and in such an imperious sort exercise his Sovereignty: as his very becke was a word of command to all his family. And this while I was in *Thebes* (for I am a Theban borne) did I constantly practise; and that not onely over such as I might command; but over such too, whose spirits I found so ready to vaile to one of my quality; as I made them no lesse subject  
to

to my uncontrouled will, then if they had beene of my owne family. For during my reside in that famous City, none but I raised that fearefull fraternall enmity betwixt *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: which unnaturall contest (so strongly had my fury wrought upon their spirits) could receive no end, but in one anothers blood. Neither was it my humour to be confined: for I had dreamed a little before my departure thence, how with unfortunate *Hecuba*, I was conceived with a *fire-brand*, and that it could not bee quenched but in the blood of many nations. Neither did that ominous Dreame of mine prove false: for though with *Cassandra's* prophesie, it would not be believed, the fatall disasters of many flourishing *E-states* have before this time con-



confirm'd it. For to omit the subversion of many ancient Empires; whose memory now sleeps in dust, I appeale even to your selfe, by whose meanes those ruines were occasioned, and that lately amongst our *Free States*? By whose agency those fearefull and fatall divisions sprung up in *Calidore*: where *Religion* made the pretence, but *innovation* of government plotted the ground. And who became the manager of those disloyall attempts but my selfe? If then your desire bee, to be one of note or fame in the world; observe my directions, admit of no reconciled foe into the list of your discourse. And if at any time you have received an injury; be it publike or private: if hee be your *infestat*, or subject to your power, squeeze him: nippe him I say

say, so ith' head, as you may prevent him of all future hope of rising : but if he be your Superiour, and you not able to vye with him in power, over-vye him in policy ; faune on him ; yet still carry a stone in your bosome ; watch some opportunity wherein you may surprize him : but bee sure when you once have him in your claws, to crush him. What matter makes it, though the jeering *Lyricke* call anger a *short madnesse* ; hee is in my opinion most mad, that is least angry : for a mild Master corrupts a family. Now, I would have you to skruce your passion to an higher pin. Anger is of too short continuance, it is not for your honour : give harbour then to *Wrath*, for that is an *inveterate anger*. This will make you so terrible to your foes ; as  
you

you shall easily worke your owne ends, by thriving there best, where you are feared most.

This Discourse, though at first it distasted mee; for how could it sound well in the care of reason, to heare one breake forth into the immerited praise of an immoderate passion? yet the conceit of revenge wrought so strongly on my affection, that howsoever I opposed the premisses, I approved well of his Conclusion.

O Lord terrible and just, what would become of me, if thou shouldst haue my sinnes in thy remembrance, or shouldst punish mee in thy wrathfull displeasure? and yet beare I a malicious heart to my Brother. Hee many times with many teares has besought my pardon: yet would not all  
N these

these worke in mee any remorse or  
compassion. O looke downe upon  
mee with the eye of thy mercy;  
remove from mee the spirit of fu-  
ry; and arme mee with the shield  
of patience and lenity. I know,  
Lord, thou hast commanded vs not  
to suffer the Sunne to goe downe  
upon our wrath; and yet many  
Sunnes, nay many seasons have  
gone downe on my wrath. I slept  
securely, while wrath encompas-  
sed my bed: and revenge lay a  
pillow for my head. O thou mild  
Lambe, imprint the memory of  
thy example in the Tablet of mine  
heart: make mee to love mine  
enemy; and with a wise Virgin  
Lampe fed with the oyle of chari-  
ty, follow thee my sweet Spouse  
unto the heavenly Citie.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 55.

*Sloth.*

**B**Vt amongst all others, who had liberally partak't of my bounty; there was one, who so little deserv'd it; that in a carelesse security, as one respectlesse of any courtesie, hee would all the day long take his rest; and scarcely rise without much adoe to take his necessary repast. And one day I chanc'd to find him, when all his Companions were addressing themselves to one exercise or another, turning or rather rowling himselfe in his bed, like a doore upon the hinges. So as, I begun to take him under hand, and to reprove him; bidding him to shake off *Sloth* for shame, and prepare himselfe

for some taske : lest in time he might incurre *Margites* censure, who, because hee neither digged, plowed, nor did any good thing all his time, was not onely barred all civile society living; but was not admitted to have his ashes deposited in the Urne of his Ancestors, dying. I desired to know further of him what content hee could take in groveling after that manner in his bed of security, while every creature according to his ranke or quality, discovered some token of their industry. And in a sluggish manner hee told mee; how there was none, but at one time or other hee might thrive, provided that hee kept his shop; Now, what did any one know but that it was his *Calling* to make his shop his bed; Neither was hee (as hee impudently



ly pretended ) unemployed ,  
when hee seemed for rest most  
addicted. For that very mor-  
ning, and no longer since , hee  
told mee that hee kept his bed,  
not so much for his owne ease,  
as for composing a maine diffi-  
culty which two noble Ladies  
had referred to him. For there  
had lately appeared to him two  
brave women attired in princely  
habit, who contended much  
for superiority : and the names  
of these two Ladies were *Euphonia* and *Argia*. Now these,  
after such time as they had ap-  
peared before him , discovered  
both their *Descents* and *Cal-  
lings*. For *Euphonia*, as she pro-  
ved her selfe descended from  
an *industrious* family ; so shee  
shewed her selfe a true daugh-  
ter, for shee was wonderfully  
given to *industry*. Whereas *Ar-  
gia* was clear of another humor:

for nothing suited better with her disposition, then to doe nothing. These two, accordingly as they stood severally affected, brake forth into commendations of what their natures stood most inclined to. *Euphonia* affirmed that nothing improved any ones private estate or country more then *Industry*. The other, with no lesse confidence spake all she could in praise of privacy, and a sleepy kind of security; saying, how that was well got, that was got in a warme bed: and that *Timandra* purchas'd as much pleasure in the embrace of her friend, as ever *Thalestria* did in the discomfiture of her Foe. The other, to advance the honour of Armes with all other honest manuell employments, with much moderation reproved her frowardnesse; telling her

her, that shee did but all this to  
shew her wit : for else shee  
would spend no breath in com-  
mending *Sloth* , which was  
the death of a living soule. But  
said he, so strangely did these  
two cloze in the knitting up  
of their arguments , as with  
mutuall consent, the difference  
was referred to me. Now, I  
am here consulting with my  
pillow , to whether of these  
two I should give the prehemi-  
nence. Nor, doe I intend to  
rise, till I have composed the  
difference. Thus did my lazie  
Guest play the easie Arbitrator,  
desiring rather a nappe in a cor-  
ner, then discharge the part of  
a Moderator : So as, I might  
easily conjecture, to what side  
hee inclined most, by his a-  
verseness from labour. And,  
indeed, I must freely confesse,  
I begunne not altogether to  
dislike

dislike his humour. For when hee had more fully acquainted mee with the quality of his condition : how and in what manner hee had ever lived ; how hee had shunned all publike employments : desiring rather a *Writ of ease* , then to dis-ease his owne quiet for anothers good. Againe , what a madnesse it was , to toyle or turmoile ones selfe in the world ; to have a *sickle* in anothers *corne* ; or to have an *oare* in every ones *boat* ? To be accounted a wise and subtile Commissioner ; and so spend his spirits about a fruitlesse or thankelesse labour ? To play the carking Husband , in gathering for a progeny of hopelesse Rake-hels ? To afflict himselfe in the hoording up of thar ; which is got with paine and toyle, kept with care, and feare, and

and lost with pangs and griefe?  
No, no; said hee, let the world  
wagge, so I may enjoy my rest;  
draw my Curtaines close; take  
my morning nappe; let the  
Husbandman meet with a  
Snake in the way; Let the  
thirsty worldling play the  
Mole, digge and delve; I shall  
rather pittie his folly, then en-  
vy his happinesse.

This humour, the more I ob-  
served it, the more I affected  
it. So as I beganne to imitate  
my Guest, and to sing the  
Sluggards Lullabe, with *yet a  
little, and then a little.* And  
though poverty came so upon  
mee, yet the enjoyment of a  
little Summer made me forget-  
full of an ensuing Winter. An  
hundred excuses would I  
mould, purposely to sleepe se-  
curely: and free my selfe of all  
busines, though it did never

so nearely concerne mee. Either there was an *Adder* in the way; or the weather was unseasonable; or some indisposition to health, injoynd me to keepe my bed. Thus did my delicacy bring mee to security; which howsoever I flatter'd my selfe, was so farre divided from me: as in the end I found my perplexed estate ever to danger most ingaged, where weaknesse of opinion dreamed to mee, that I was most secured.

*O my Lord, thou who art that heavenly Husbandman, that desirest nothing more then Labourers in thine Harvest; and art ready to pay every Workeman his penny, though hee have but laboured one houre in thy Vineyard. Thou, who canst not abide that any one should looke backe.*



backe from the Plough, or doe  
thy worke negligently; Convert  
my sleepy and sluggish humour  
into a spirituall fervour. My too  
long security into a carefull pra-  
ctise of piety. That though my  
outward man, be but slime, my  
inward man may be a profest ene-  
my to sloath. O grant mee so to  
bestow the remainder of my time  
in faithfull labouring; that  
though I have not felt the heat of  
the day; nay, though I have  
scarcely laboured one houre in thy  
Vineyard, I may now receive  
my penny in the Evening.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 56.

*How by their treacherous assault,  
his Cinque ports, became  
endangered.*

**T**HUS, thus became I poore Pilgrim assaulted; thus became I foiled. But why doe I inveigh against their treachery, I became to my selfe the most treacherous Enemy? For by yeelding my *Fort* to the spirit of *Pride*, my *Luciferian* glory grew darkned. By entertaining *Covetousnesse* my former content vanished. By cherishing *Luxury*, both mine inward and outward faculties were disabled. By feeding *Envy*, it became a feeder of mee, and so my spirits became wasted. By cockering *Gluttony*, my spirituall infirmities were strengthened.

ned. By harbouring *Wrath*, charity the choicest comfort of Christian society was banished. By fostering *Sloth*, out of my *great Masters* check-roule, became my name to be razed. Neither were these unthankfull Guests so contented; for by their treacherous attempts, became my *Cinque ports* endangered. So as, those darlings of mine which had they been loyally affected, should have beene my assistants, proved to be my private Assacimates. Not one of them but they failed in performing those due offices to which they were deputed. My *eye*, indeed, knew how to look, but by wandring it corrupted my understanding with the thought of lust. My *care* knew how to heare, but by hearing amisse it distracted the intention of mine heart. My *nose* knew

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knew how to smell, but by rejecting those flowers of divine sweetnesse, I begunne to snuffe up the wind with the *wild Asse* in the wildernesse. My *touch* knew how to performe her office, but by touching uncleane things, or by using cleane things uncleanely, that sense became flaved to all sensuality. My mouth became an open Sepulcher; mine *Heart* finnes Harbour. Thus fares it with the State spirituall, as it doth with the Politicall; if the *Cinque Ports* bee opened, the State becomes endangered; lesse secured, because to Invasion more exposed. What then could this poore razed Fort of my surprized soule expect but utter ruine, misery and desolation? Foes wrought on mee without: and feares seized on mee within. I had none left  
to

to comfort mee: for my best comfort I had deservingly estranged from mee; For had I not with *Demas* left God for the world, I might have had God for my Friend, and consequently all the creatures of the world. For to leave God, is to make every creature his foe, which ever God made.

O, was it not enough for thee to have others to betray thee, but thou must adde new strength to their force, by betraying thy selfe unto thine Enemy? Hadst thou tasted so freely of that ever streaming fountaine of Gods mercy; and was it thy duty to recompence his bounty with thy disloyaltie? This had beene great inhumanity even to have shewne to the most low and despicable creature: and couldst thou find in thine heart, to  
offer

offer this abuse unto thy Maker?  
O woe is mee, that I should receive all good things from the Lord, and requite him with nothing but evil! O that I had ponder'd these things well in mine heart: so might I in the day of my trouble have found helpe: and received comfort in the day of wrarh.

O my deare Lord, justly may I complaine, and in the bitterness of my soule, cry out: Sinners have built upon me: nay, they have made deepe furrowes upon my backe. And there is no health in mee because of thine heavy displeasure. O, though I bee a Sinner, bee not unmindfull of thy poore creature. Receive mee, O receive mee into the armes of thy mercy; while I confesse unto thee, who knowest the secrets of all thoughts, my iniquity? There is  
not



not one sense that thou hast given mee, but I will declare unto thee how it has dishonour'd thee. O thou Balme of Gilead, heale my wounds, for they are many!

## CHAP. 57.

## Sight.

**L**Ooke on mee, and pitty mee, when you shall heare how this *sense* has deluded me! And take warning by my Example, that yee suffer not your *Dinahs* to wander, lest they lose their honour. This *sense* which should direct mee, did first intrap mee: for I no sooner beheld, then I was held captive by that which I beheld. Neither was I altogether senselesse of these things: for I understood how *Death* enter'd in by

by the *windowes*. And yet I would not shut them, but suffer'd my mortall enemies to enter in by them. Nor a concupiscence but by those unguarded portels received admittance. Our Grandham *Eve* to our shame and losse, saw that the *fruit* was *pleasant*, and shee tooke of the fruit and tasted of it. This *apple* remaines still in the *eye*, and must continue an *eye-sore* to all her *posterity*. Thus have our *Fathers* eaten sowre grapes, and their *Childrens* teeth are set on edge. O how often have I resolved with my selfe (but as in all things else, how weak are mens resolves?) to shut these gates against all temptations: and on that Object never to fixe my *sight*, that might give any *Inlet* to sinne: or to looke on that intently, which I might not desire safely.

And

And to strengthen this resolve, I thought upon some wholesome meditation, the memory whereof I had good hope would keepe those *lights* within mee: and not suffer them to bee taken up by any worldly vanity. But no sooner gave time and place opportunity, then those weake resolves were quite razed: the thoughts of goodnesse discarded; piety became a stranger to me: for corruption had seized on mine heart, and rendered up her Hold unto the Enemy. O how happy had I beene; had I in my youth repelled those distemper'd heates which my wanton eye first infused! But so farre was I from repenting of what my youth had committed: as now my riper yeares are not ashamed to reteine a delight in the remembrance

brance of what my youth affected. And what more hard to cure, then an old Vicer, an aged sore? O yee treacherous Spies, why have yee thus wandered about to seeke my undoing? what gaine may yee reape by my perdition? Is there no end of your fury; nay, of your madding folly? O remember; how for these beautifull fights which you have presented to mee: and wherewith you have deceived mee; ougly and gastly Spectacles shall torment both you and mee. For you, and none but you, moved mee so unjustly to covet my Neighbours field, because it was fruitfull. And to hunt after the strange woman, because shee was beautifull. Your Presentments made mee in all things sensuall. Thus by bitter experience have I found how  
by

by the Countenance piety became hindered; by the eyes, chastity became harmed.

*O my deare Saviour, looke upon mee, who have lost my selfe by looking and longing after what was unlawfull for me. O though I be not worthy by lifting up mine eyes to Heaven, to pray unto thee: yet am I not unworthy by blinding mine eyes with teares, to weepe before thee, O doe not turne away thine eyes from mee! I am wholly lost if thou despise mee; but I shall renew as the feathers of an Eagle, if thou vouchsafe but to looke upon mee. O may my delight be in thy Law; my Object thy Crosse; my conscience my feast; Righteousnesse my Crown.*

## C H A P. 58.

*Hearing.*

**V**ould any one thinke, that man the noblest of Gods creatures ; nay , to whom hee has given dominion over all his creatures ; man , I say , endued with a reasonable soule , should make that *sense* which was given him for *edification* , the instrument of his *perdition* ? And yet behold the *Man*, with a *sense* accompanying and corrupting Man ! *Faith* cometh by *Hearing* ; And yet how have I broken my *faith* by *Hearing* ? I had sometimes vowed , though not my selfe , yet by such as undertooke for mee , that I would *forsake* the *Devill* and his *Workes*, with the *pomps* and *vanities* of the *flesh* ;  
but



but where was my performance ? Have I not defamed my Neighbour ; or *heard* him defamed ? And what have I answered for him ? nay , have I not delighted in *hearing* him defamed , or enlarged his disgrace with some new reproach ? Have I enter'd Gods Temple, the *House* of the most High , with a *sanctified care* ? Nay , have I not come thither rather to traduce , then usefully *heare* ? Have I not laboured to catch at this doctrine ? Or admit I came there with an *Heart* prepared for devotion : and with an *care* ready to receive instruction : did not the *Eye* practise with the *Heart* to surprize the *Eare* : and by that meanes decline it from doing what it intended ; by giving *care* to that which might distract it ? Nay, let mee come a little

---

little nearer thee, thou loose, dissolute and unprepared *Eare*. Hast thou *heard* so much as a *Psalme* in the *Church* without distraction? Did not those sweet ayres of spirituall devotion so farre transport thee; that thou gavest better care to the *note* how sweetly it was sung, then to the *end* for which it was sung? Didst not take more delight in the *voyce* then the *matter*; and by that meanes in the *care* of thy *Maker*, become an unfitting *Quirister*? Didst thou not by breaking a *Note* to please thy fancy, conceive more content in the *melody* of the *voyce*, then *purity* of the *heart*? Nay, didst not preferre the very measure or composition of it, before his honour for which it was penned? nay, has not God spake unto thee in a *Psalme*, and thou unto him; yet

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yet didst thou consider whose  
Psalm it was, or for whom it  
was, when thou didst sing it to  
him?

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Againe, shall wee leave the  
Church, and goe into the  
world? Tell mee, O tell mee,  
how didst thou there employ  
thine *hearing*? Didst not take  
infinite delight in a filthy song?  
Did not a wanton light tune  
bring thee to thinke of thy  
light Mistresse? or did it not  
suggest to thee some loose  
thoughts provoking fancy: or  
some other heavy melancholly  
thoughts egging thee on to  
some desperate act of revenge  
or fury? O yes! Thus didst  
thou employ it; and thus didst  
thou perish by it. How then  
should'st thou come to bee in-  
structed, having beene by thy  
*best instructing sense*, thus wo-  
fully distracted?

O

By

By thee, my blessed Master,  
die I hope to be instructed: that  
the follies of my youth may bee at  
last reformed. O sanctifie the  
Eare of mine heart, that I may  
turne it away from vanity; turne  
it wholly unto piety. O let mee  
bee no such Hearer as is the deafe  
Adder, which stoppeth her eares,  
charme the Charmer never so  
wisely. O let me be none of those,  
who will not heare, because they  
would not understand; nor of  
those who heare, but will not un-  
derstand; nor of those who heare,  
but will not observe what they  
both heare and understand: but  
give mee an humble Eare to  
heare, and a conceiving heart to  
understand what I heare, that  
hearing humbly, understanding  
fully, and practising faithfully,  
I may sing *alleluia* to thee in the  
Kingdome of glory.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 59.

*Smell.*

**M**UST that fresh and fragrant Garden of all divine graces ; with all those precious odours of Christian virtues and holy duties be abandoned : those saintly examples of devout and religious men be neglected ; and instead of these must those hatefull weeds of vices be cherished ; which, were they disposed of as they deserve, are for no other use then to be throwne over the wall of Gods Seed-plot, or to be burned ? Must that inclosed Garden, I say, embrodered and beautified with all spirituall flowers be plowed up by wilde beasts of the Forest : Must those red Roses of charity, those

*white Lillies of chastity, those sweet violets of humility* lose their beauty? Have those constant *Martyrs*, chaste *Virgins*, and humble *Confessors* deserved no reverence, nor imitation from thee? Must their memory sleepe in the dust, and have no followers after death? O consider, how all these deceiving pleasures of this world, are but like *Beane-flowers*; when you are farre from them; they *smell* sweet unto you; but when you draw neare them, they distaste you. The pleasures of sinne ever cloze with an heauey surfet. But returne unto thy selfe, and see how thou hast employed this *sense*! It is but a *little one*, and yet it has an *Office* to attend; which neglected, it must bee accountable and receive due punishment. Come then, and tell mee what thou



thou hast done ! Hast thou followed thy sweet Saviour in the *smell* of his *sweet oyntments* ? Hast thou followed him, though a farre off, to his *Crosse* ? Hast thou sought to bee embalmed with his *odours* ? Hast thou lived as hee prescribed : or loved that which he professed ? O no ; thou in the *Garden* slept, while hee prayed ; Thou in the *Hall* stood warming thy selfe, while hee was condemned ; thou scarcely durst approach the *Mount* where hee suffered : and was this to follow him in the *smell* of his *sweet oyntments*, and in his sufferings to be comforted ? His *blessed life* was as a *bundle of myrrhe* ; the whole *course* of his *conversation*, a *spirituall consecration*. Every *action*, our *instruction*. And how were thy feet prepared to follow him ?

O slowly, too too slowly :  
Thou hadst either a Father to  
bury ; or a Wife to marry ; or a  
yoke of oxen to try ; or a Farme  
to buy. Some excuse or other  
must be pretended ; long may  
his Feast bee prepared , and  
often maist thou bee invited,  
before thou be ready to come  
unto it ; and when thou com-  
mest, twenty to one, thou art  
excluded, because thou hast not  
on thy wedding garment, with-  
out which never looke to bee  
entertained. O but tell mee,  
what was it that first hindered  
thee to follow the *savour* of  
his *sweet oynments*, who so  
truly lov'd thee, as hee gave  
himselfe up unto death, to save  
thee? O it was the *smell* of world-  
ly game that divided thee from  
him ; or the love of *honour* or  
*pleasure* that made thee a stran-  
ger to him. O who then will  
bring

bring thee to him, seeing  
what hee hated most, divorc'd  
thee from him !

O none but thy selfe, deare  
Saviour ; O draw me after thee,  
and I will follow thee. O too  
much hold has the present world  
had in mee : the cares whereof  
tooke mee quite from thee. Let  
it henceforth have no interest in  
mee, that I may bee wholly pos-  
sessed of thee : O inflame mine  
heart with a love of thee, that I  
may live with thee : for live I  
cannot, unlesse I enjoy thee. And  
since I cannot live here, and see  
thee ; let mee dye, that I may see  
thee.

## C H A P. 60.

*Taste.*

**A** *Davids* posterity had beene blessed, had hee only *seene* the *fruit*, and never *tasted*. O how sweet is the *taste* of sinne to the palat; but how cold in the stomacke? Though it shew a cheerfull welcome, it ever leaves us with a sad farewell. Thou hast had a free and full *taste* of this, unhappy Pilgrim, in preferring a *messe* of portage before an *inheritance*. In feeding so greedily on the *Huskes* of *vanity*; and preferring them before those *wholesome Viands* in thy fathers family. Yet what were all these compared to those *spirituall dainties*, that *incorruptible food*, but as chaffe to wheat, branne to bread,  
Onions

*Onions and Garlick of Egypt*  
to the *heavenly Manna* ? yet  
behold my misery ! Though I  
daily observed how the world  
was full of troubles , perplexi-  
ties , tumults and confusions ;  
how such onely had the best  
part in it , who had the least  
to doe in it : how the *Great*  
*One* had ever some *Corrivall* to  
oppose him : the *little one* had  
some *Great One* to crush him.  
How honour, like *Hamsans* hal-  
ter, brought the unhappy En-  
joyer of it unto ruine. How  
*Greatnesse* pretending privi-  
ledge for guiltinesse , brought  
the Land to mourning. How  
there was nothing in the  
world but shouldring one ano-  
ther ; labouring to advance  
themselves even by their near-  
est friends dishonour. How  
the world was an empty  
Sponge ; outwardly flou-  
rishing

rising : fruitlesly promising ; rarely prospering. How it was wholly set on mischief : and how there was none that did good, no not one. How there was a *world of men* : but a *wildernesse of good men*. How many times vertue bare vices livery : While vice became so innocently cloathed , as it past current for downe right honesty. Yet though I say, I considered these things ; I never treasured them in mine heart. I went along with the multitude : for my taste , it was so intured to sinne , as I tooke most delight in that which impoysoned my soule. My liquorish taste , my luscious tooth brought mee to *fare delicioufly* with the rich Glutton : and to carouse deeply in *Balthasars cups*. I feared no more the deluge of sinne, then those before the *Flood* did that deluge.



deluge of waters before it came. O consider then, thou ungracious *sense*, seeing every one must bee punished, wherein hee has been delighted, what shal thy portion be in the Lake, where every impenitent sinner is to receive the wages of his mis-spent life? Who is me, who will deliver me, or take thee off from accusing me?

Even thou, my gracious Redeemer; who, as thou hast discovered to mee how bitter the world is; wilt bring mee to taste and see how sweet the Lord is. O lead mee forth to thy greene pastures, neare those Rivers of sweet waters, where I may taste of the fulnesse of thy pleasures, and drinke of those heavenly waters for evermore.

CHAP.

## CHAP. 61.

Some things were not to be  
*Scorched* for their exceeding  
 sanctity and holiness: other  
 things were not to be touched  
 for their impurity and uncleanness. The *Arke* was not to be  
*scorched*, because of its holiness: and *Pitch* is not to  
 be *scorched* because of its  
 uncleanness. Evill conversation  
 is a spirituall infection.  
 There be sundry evill concupiscences,  
 which though they  
*touch* not the outward faculties  
 of the body, yet they *touch* the  
 very life and well-being of the  
 Soule. Which though they  
 wound,

wound, yet are the wounds to a worldling so infinitely pleasing, as nothing delights him more then to bee wounded: nothing displeaseth him more then to be cured. The fifth *Torpedo* is the very Embleme of the world. Shee is ever sure to take him, by whom she is taken. Some things wee shall every where meet withall, which for their pollution beare in their fore-head this Prohibition: *Looke not, taste not, touch not, handle not.* Least the eye of the soule become blemished; the whole inward man infected; the powers or faculties of the intellectuall part wholly disordered. But how hast thou, poore miserable Pilgrim, observed this Lesson? How hast thou employed this peculiar sense, but to satisfie thy concupiscence?

since? Easie it was for any one,  
if they *touch'd* thee never so  
gently, to move thee to  
passion: but not so easie it was  
for any object of charity to  
*touch* thy bowels of compas-  
sion. Long might poore sicke  
*Lazarus* lye at thy Gate, before  
thou wer't *touch'd* with re-  
morse, or moved with pittie to  
relieve him. Long might that  
way-faring man lye wounded  
by the way side, before thou  
wer't *touch'd*, as that tender  
hearted *Samaritan* was, to mi-  
nister least comfort to him. O  
how insensible wer't thou of  
poore *Iosephs* misery! but how  
quickly *touch'd* at the least  
smart which fame or fortune  
might dart on thee! nor was  
it any wonder, thou insensate  
*sense*, that thou shouldst grow  
thus obdurate; seeing thy  
*Chambering* and *Wantonneſſe*,  
thy

*Spiritual Fornication and Drunkenesse*; thy trampling of Gods word under feet; thy murmuring and discontent in every estate; thy partiall and corrupt love to thy selfe, made thee wholly forgetfull of all others but thy selfe. Meane time, thou little knew how thou were't thine owne Enemy, in not seeking to cure that mortall infirmity: which by proceſſe of time became so much more incurable, as thou of thine owne malady were't grown insensible. For, howsoever they seemed to cherish thee, and so delude thee, these were Ismalites, thy mortall enemies, who sported with thee. Thus have I loosely rioted, and fearfully transgressed in the abuse of every *sense*: and by obeying the lusts of the flesh, hatefully sinned against mine owne owne soule.

*Deare*

Deare Lord, thou who breatheſt  
the ſpirit of life into every living  
ſoule; and from whom if thou  
take away thy breath, they dye.  
Breathe into my ſoule new affecti-  
ons; rectifie my diſordered and  
miſ-employed Senſes. O give un-  
to mee, thou inviſible light, ſuch  
a light as may ſee thee. Create  
in me a new ſmell, O thou breath  
of life, that I may runne after  
thee in the ſmell of thy ſweet  
oyntments cheerfully. Heale  
thou my taſte that I may taſte,  
know and diſcerne how great is the  
multitude of thy ſweetneſſe, O  
Lord, which thou haſt laid up in  
thy heavenly Treafury, for thoſe  
who are full of thy charity.  
Sanctifie thou mine eare, that it  
may be edified by thee; and ſo di-  
rect it, that my heart may be in-  
flamed by it, to the praſtiſe of  
piety. Quickn my touch, with

.com.



compassion to thy little ones : and  
so order every Sense that they  
may perform their proper offices to  
the good both of my soule and bo-  
dy : making it ever their absolu-  
test ayme to promote thy glory.

CHAP. 63.

*Being thus encompassed with dan-  
ger, hee prepares himselfe  
for prayer.*

**W**Hat Sanctuary have I  
now to retire to : or  
what Refuge may I fly to,  
when I have nothing within  
mee, but practiseth rather to  
betray mee then free me : no-  
thing without mee, that may  
any way availe mee, now when  
dangers of all sorts, and on all  
sides thus encompasse me. O my  
good God, I have one incedi-  
nesse,

Iam. 5.

nesse, for thou hast prepared it for mee; and by it shall I in due time receive comfort from thee. The direction is short and soveraigne "If any bee afflicted, let him pray; and if hee be merry, let him sing Psalmes. I am afflicted, Lord; I am inwardly afflicted. I will therefore take the wings of the morning, and fly with the Dove, till I may find some resting place for the sole of my foot: till I may bring an Olive-branch in my bill, and so bring gladtydings to my poore Soule, that the floods of waters are returned backe: which have not onely for many dayes, but many years encompassed me. Those bitter waters of Marah; those swelling floods of affliction which have gone over my Soule. In the old world, when Noahs Arke was builded, and  
all

all the inhabitants of the  
 earth to the number of eight  
 reduced : *fifteene cubits* onely  
 did the waters prevaile upward,  
 and covered the *Mountaines*.  
 But the waters of my affliction  
 have mounted higher : they  
 have bound in my soule ; and  
 brought her downe to the  
 depths. High time then is it  
 to fly for succour : lest the wa-  
 ter-floods swallow mee up,  
 and the remembrance of mee  
 bee no more. I will direct  
 therefore my prayer unto  
 God ; for hee is a God of mercy  
 and all consolation : he will  
 take pittie of my affliction ; and  
 in his appointed time rid me of  
 all my feares.

I But alas, though I know the  
 way where comfort is to bee  
 received, and the doore of the  
 Sanctuary be open to receive  
 mee in it : yet so long have I  
 estranged

Gen. 7.

*Bern. Med.*  
11.

estranged my selfe from it, and so unacquainted am I with the exercise of *Prayer*, as I know not in what forme or manner to make it. For when I looke upon my selfe, and consider how luke-warme has beene my conversation, how earthly my affection, how feigned my confession, how short and rare my compunction, how my obedience has been without devotion, my prayer without intencion, my reading without edification, my speech without circumspection. I grow ashamed of my condition: acknowledging nothing to bee due unto mee, but reproach and confusion. For when at any time I pray, I mind not what I pray, nor to whom I pray; how may I then hope for any helpe from him to whom I pray, or that my

my prayer shall bee heard by him, seeing I my selfe doe not heare my selfe in the prayer, which I make unto him? The pretious stone *Diacletes*, though it have many rare and excellent properties in it, yet it loseth them all if it be put in a dead mans mouth: So *Prayer*, which is the only soveraigne pearle and Jewell of a Christian, though it have many rare and exquisite vertues in it, many promises conferred on it; yet it loseth them every one, if it be put into a mans mouth, or into a mans heart either, that is dead in sinne, and doth not knock with a pure heart. For *Prayer* without devotion is like the bellowing of Oxen. O where am I then, whose imaginations have beene evill from my youth; whose life has beene a sinke of sinne; and whose

whose heart has been a stranger to devotion ? how and in what manner may I pray in hope to be heard ? how shall I render up my *Supplication*, that it may be received ? how shall I offer my *Sacrifice* of thanksgiving, that it may be accepted ?

O my deare Lord, as thou hast taught me to pray, so teach mee how to pray. Put sweet incense into the Censer, and that it may burne the better, inflame my heart with spirituall fervor. Behold, Lord, I fly unto thee, open the doore of thy Sanctuary unto mee, that I may enter and offer up my prayer to thee, after that absolute forme of prayer which thou thy selfe hast taught me.

my youth ; whose life has  
 been a link of time ; and  
 whole

CHAP.



## C H A P. 63.

*He repeats the Lords prayer ; and in every particular he finds himselfe a great Offender.*

**O** *Vr Father which art in heaven. — Oh make a stoppe here (poore Pilgrim) before thou goest any farther ! Hast thou a Father in Heaven? where is the duty thou shouldst tender ? Dost thou use him like a Father ; much lesse like an heavenly Father, when thou preferrest the pleasures of sin before his honour ? Hallowed bee thy name. — Oh with what tongue canst thou utter hallowed, seeing his name hath been by thee so much dishonoured ? Thy Kingdome come. — O shake and tremble ! fearefull to thee will bee the coming of his King-*

*Kingdome*, seeing thou by ascribing to thy selfe what was due unto him, shalt bee accused of seeking to rob him of his *Kingdome*. When the foundation of the earth shall be shaken; the whole world dissolved: and thou brought forth naked, to be publikely judged. *Thy will be done* — Oh dissembling wretch, dost thou pray that his *Will* may be *done*, when thou never yet with thy *Will* didst that which thou shouldst have *done*: nor what thou knewest well was his *Will* to be *done*? *In Earth as it is in Heavens*. And yet has it beene the least of thy care on *Earth*, to doe his *will*, as it is *done* in *heaven*. *Give us this day our daily bread*. — Oh has he not granted thy suite? has he not strengthened thee with the *staffe* of *bread*? But hast thou walked in

in the strength thereof to his honour : or requited him with an offering of his owne, by sowing thy bread upon the waters ? And forgive us our trespasses. — Oh they are many ! many in quantity ; heavy in qualitie : yet as a sparke in the Sea, so has hee drowned them in the Ocean of his mercy. *As wee forgive them that trespass against us.* — O consider well the particle of this petition ! examine thine heart, whether thou hast or no performed the condition. Thou desirest but to be forgiven as thou dost forgive : oh forgive then, that thou maiest bee forgiven ! Few be the *arrees* which thou canst demand of thy Brother, in comparison of those which are owing by thee to thy Maker. *And lead us not into temptation.* And yet thou wilt not stick to lead thy selfe  
 3181 P into

into *temptation*. He is ready to bestow his *grace* upon thee; to send his *Holy Spirit* to guide thee; to spread his *Banner* over thee: yet while thou prayest not to bee *led* into *temptation*, thou willingly *ledest* thy selfe into that, which thou in thy *prayer* desirest to prevent. *But deliver us from evill.*—Oh how many *deliverances* has he shewn unto thee? How often has hee snapped in pieces the *Speare* which might have dispatched thee. Broken those *Arrowes* which might have wounded thee? Taken thy foot out of the *snare* which had intrapped thee? Nay, how often hast thou gone downe even unto the gates of *Hell*, and least thou shouldst enter in, he with-held thee? How often hast thou drawne neare even to the gates of death, and lest they should  
take

take thee in, hee preserv'd thee?  
Thus hath hee delivered thee  
from all *evill*: and yet for all  
this good which hee has done  
thee, thou hast requited him  
with *evill*. And now thou con-  
cludest: *For thine is the King-  
dome, power and glory; for ever  
and ever, Amen.* Oh how ready  
thou art here to acknowledge  
his *power*, and yet to deny it in  
thy life? But confesse thou  
must his *power* not onely with  
mouth, but heart, and practise  
of a good life, if ever thou  
meanest to partake with him in  
the *Kingdome of glory*.

*O my sweet Saviour, as thou  
hast taught mee by this absolute  
forme of Prayer; how I am to  
make my prayer: and hast promi-  
sed to grant me my request, if I  
pray effectually as I ought: so  
kindle in my heart true devotion,*

that no place may be left for distraction: Here thou hast taught how and in what manner I am to pray, O let me not lose the benefit of it, by losing my selfe when I pray.

## CHAP. 64.

He renders a private account of his Faith: and in every article of the Creede, hee finds a fainting, failing, weaknesse and want.

**I** Beleeve in God; the father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. This first Article of our Beliefe was made by Christs first Apostle Saint Peter. And herein thou professest that thou believest: But that is not enough; The Devils doe beleeve and tremble. Thou must  
not



not onely *believe* God, but *believe in* God: and that he is *thy* God. Againe, thou art not only to *believe* God; and *believe in* God, but solely *love* God: and wholly *live* to God. For as wee are to *believe with heart* unto *righteousnesse*; and *confesse with mouth* unto *salvation*: so are we to bring forth *fruits* hereof in an holy and blamelesse *conversacion*. O how much hast thou *failed* in the *first*, what then may wee looke for at the *last*? And in *Iesus Christ* his onely *Sonne our Lord*. Of this second Article was Saint *Iohn* the Evangelist Author: one, who was right deare in the eyes of his Master, our blessed Saviour: and one, who *leaned* on his bosome, at his last Supper. And here thou confessest *Iesus Christ*, the second person in the blessed Trinity, to be the *Sonne*

Iohn 13.  
23.

of God; & to be our Lord. But hast thou by a contrite heart & regenerate life made him thy Lord? Thou saist, thou dost *believe* in him; but dost thou *love* him in whom thou *believest*? And how shouldst thou be lesse then his *Lover*; so long as thou *believ'st* him to be thy *saviour*? But where be any *signes* of this love? O if thou didst truly *love* him in who thou *believ'st*, thou wouldst rather *leave to live*, then *leave to love* him in whom thou *believest*! Which was conceived by the Holy Ghost, borne of the Virgin Mary. This third Article S. James the Greater, composed; whereby thou art taught to *believe*, all *sanctification* to be included in his *Conception*; all *humility* in his *Nativity*. But dost thou, as every Christian should do, seriously consider, for whose sake this *Virgin* was conceived; for whose sake

take thy sweet *Saviour* became  
so *humbled*? that the *Son of God*  
should become the *son of Man*,  
that the *Son of Man* might be-  
come the *son of God*? that the *im-*  
*mortall* should become *mortall*?  
that the *mortall* might become  
*immortall*? that the *living Lord*  
should dye, that the *dying man*  
might live? that the *free* should  
become *bound*, that the *bound*  
might become *free*? that *God*  
should *descend* from *heaven* to  
*earth*, that he might *draw* us from  
*earth* to *heaven*? that *God* should  
become *humbled*; that *Man*  
might be *exalted*? that *He* should  
become *poore*; that we might be  
*enriched*? and *reckoned* amongst  
the *transgressors*, that we amongst  
his *Saints* might be *numbred*?  
Hast thou, I say, meditated of  
this; how he was *borne* for thee;  
that thou mightst be *re-borne* in  
him? O I feare thou hast beene

more ready to partake of this benefit, then by acknowledging it, to bee thankfull for it ! *Suffered under Pontius Pilat, was crucified, dead and buried.* This fourth Article Saint *Andrew* framed : wherein thou seest, and perhaps, admirest the unjust proceedings of a wicked Iudge : for thou hearest one, and that an odious and malicious one, pronouncing the sentence of death upon the Lord of life : and inclining to the voice and vote of the people, delivering a murdering delinquent, to murder the innocent. Nay, pronouncing a sentence against his owne Conscience : for hee washed his hands but not in innocence. Againe, thou hearest and beleevest that hee was crucified, and yet it grieves thee not to crucifie him afresh with new finnes. Thou beleevest

vest that hee died and was buried: and yet thou daily diest not to sin, but in sin; and hast now, not three dayes, but many yeares laine buried in them. He descended into hell. This fifth Article Saint Philip added; and thou beleevest in it. Hee descended that thou mightst ascend to the place whereto hee is ascended. Yet where be there any tokens of thy desire to ascend unto him? Ascend unto him thou canst not, unlesse thou descend into thy selfe, for whom he so humbly descended. The third day he rose againe from the dead. This sixt Article Saint Thomas annexed: An Article proper for Thomas, who touching Christs Resurrection, was so incredulous. And here thou seest that late crucified man, now acquit himselfe of death, like a victorious Lord. And hence thou

*Aug. in  
Serm. de  
Ascens.*

rejoycest: but unlosse thou rise from sinne, and live to righteousness, Christs Resurrection shall afford thee small comfort in the bed of thy sicknesse. Hee ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the father Almighty. This seventh Article Saint Bartholomew penned. And by this thou believest that hee is now ascended, who for thy sake descended. And as from his rising came the hope of thy Resurrection: so from his ascending the hope of thy glorification. But thou must rise with him, before thou canst reigne with him: rise with him who was free from all sin, from the Grave of sin, that thou maist reigne with him who dyed for thy sin, in his heavenly Sion. And as hee sitteth on the right hand of God the father Almighty, where he offers up his prayers for



for thee, sheweth those glorious  
scars of his precious wounds to  
his *Father* for thee, & performs  
the faithfull office of a loving  
Mediator for thee; So art thou  
in thy prayers to remember the  
necessity of his Saints upon  
earth. But cold is thy charity in  
performing such a duty. *From*  
*whence he shall come to judge both*  
*the quicke and the dead.* This eight  
Article was by *S. Martham* put-  
lished: and by this thou belie-  
vest, how he who was judged  
unjustly shall judge the whole  
world in Equity. For the *Fa-*  
*ther* judgeth none, but hath given  
up this judgement unto his *Son*,  
in whose brest are laid up all the  
treasures of wisdom and  
knowledge: And this thou be-  
leevest and tremblest: and rea-  
son thou hast to tremble: for  
how shalt thou be able to stand  
in his presence, before whom  
even

even the heavens are uncleane?  
 O when the righteous shall  
 scarcely be saved, what will be-  
 come of the wicked? when the  
 axe of his judgement shall not  
 spare the green tree, what will  
 become of the dry? O nothing  
 but woe, woe may befall thee  
 miserable delinquent, if hee  
 deals not with thee in mercy  
 but in judgement! I believe in the  
*Holy Ghost*. This ninth Arti-  
 cle Saint *James* the lesse delive-  
 red. And thou art taught to  
*believe* thus much by it: that  
 the *Holy Ghost* the third person  
 in the blessed Trinity, is the  
 Spirit of comfort, truth and  
 unity: without which it is im-  
 possible to please God. For as  
 hee promised unto his Apostles  
 a Comforter, so in the shape of a  
*Dove*, and in the forme of cloven  
 tongues there appeared unto  
 them this promised Comforter.

A&amp; 2.3.

But how is it that thou beleevest  
in the *Holy Ghost*: and yet with  
thine hardnesse of heart, and  
loosenesse of life grievest  
the *Holy Spirit* of God?  
Thus to beleeve, if thou be not  
penitent; will rather bee a  
meanes to draw on thee, then  
remove from thee Gods heavy  
judgement. The *holy Catholike  
Church*. This tenth Article of  
faith Saint *Simon* founded. But  
how dost thou beleeve the *holy  
Catholike Church*, or how is thy  
faith grounded, if thou observe  
not what the *Church* has com-  
manded? How canst thou bee  
a *Member* of her, so long as  
thou livest divided from her?  
Or how canst thou truly call  
her *Mother*, so long as thou  
hearknest not to her com-  
mands, but becommest disobe-  
dient to her? O then, by a right  
faith knit thy selfe unto her: or  
else

*Aug.*

else disclaime thy being a *Member* of her. But looke unto it : for *God* thou canst not have for thy *Father*, unlesse thou have his *Church* for thy *Mother*. Neither canst thou ever hope to bee a *Citizen* in his *Church triumphant*, unlesse thou bee first a *Member* of his *Church Militant*. *The Communion of Saints*, the *forgivenesse* of *sinnes*. To this eleventh Article is *Saint Iudas Thadæus* intituled. And this *Communion of Saints* thou *beleevest*; and for the *forgivenesse* of *sinnes* thou lookest. And yet thou livest not, as if thou desired to bee of this *Communion*. Neither rendrest thou any such fruits of repentance, as may cherish in thee, the least hope of Remission. *The Resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting*. Amen. With this last Article *Saint Marthe* closeth

closest our Creed. And by it thou beleevest that thy body shall rise againe from the dust: and that thy soule shall live with the iust. But hast thou not fed thy Body too delicately, to rise againe to glory? Hast thou not taken too much pleasure in sinning, ever to enjoy life everlasting.

O thou blessed Trinity in unity, and Vnity in Trinity; thus have I made a confession of my Faith unto thee, but my many faintings, failings, wants, weaknesse and imperfections greatly discourage mee, unlesse thou in thy mercy strengthen me. I beleeve, Lord, O helpe my unbeleeffe. Give mee the shield of faith; that here on earth I may acquit my selfe like a valiant Champion: and in Heaven be made by thee a triumphant Citizen.

## CHAP. 65.

*Having thus examined himselfe,  
and found in the whole course  
of his life, a fainting in faith,  
and failing in Works; He re-  
calleth to mind those Quatuor  
Novissima, or foure last Re-  
membrances; Memorials  
honrely necessary for all Chri-  
stians.*

**T**HUS hast thou laid thy selfe  
open to all discovery: and  
there is no good thing to bee  
found in thee. For in thy faith,  
thou hast found a fainting and  
weaknesse: and in all thy workes,  
a failing and barrennesse.

*Aug.*

Most freely went that bles-  
sed Father to worke (and no  
lesse dangerous has beene thy  
walke) when hee confessed  
himselfe in this sort, "Inhe-  
rit



“rit sin from my father, an ex-  
“cuse from my mother, lying  
“from the Devill, folly from  
“the world, selfe-conceit from  
“the pride and arrogant opi-  
“nion of my selfe. Deceitfull  
have beene the imaginations of  
thine heart, crooked have beene  
thy wayes: malicious thy  
workes. And yet hast thou  
taken the *judgements* of God in  
thy *mouth*. Desiring nothing  
more then to blind the eye of  
the world with a counterfeit  
zealo. But all such *Hypocrites*  
God will *judge*. Hee will not  
be mocked with. For as the  
*Devill* has his *five*, with which  
hee lets goe the *good*; but keep-  
eth the *bad*: So the *Lord* has  
his *Fanne*, by which he lets goe  
the *bad*, and keepeth the *good*.  
O when hee shall separate his  
*goats* from his *sheepe*; his *wheat*  
from his *tares*; when the *Iust*  
and

and the *Wicked* shall appeare before him : and every man shall be put into the ballance ; O I feare mee then , thou wilt bee found many graines too light ! It were well for thee then , to prepare thy selfe against that great and fearefull day. And to furnish thee all the better , by making thee a true Convert , of an impenitent Sinner , recall to mind those *Quatuor Nouissima* ; or *Four last Remembrances* Memorials , hourly to bee thought ; and so necessary to be reteined in thy memory , as the Christian use of them may prepare thee before *Death* summon thee ; and in this vale of misery fit thee for thine heavenly voyage to eternity. And yet while I speake thus unto thee , I find thy condition to be wofull ; for if thou consider them , the very thought of them  
cannot

cannot chuse but startle thee :  
and if thou neglect them, thou  
wilt stand in amaze, when they  
encounter thee.

*O my deare Lord remember me  
in thy mercy ; and so prepare my  
memory ; that these Foure ne-  
cessary Remembrances may ne-  
ver depart from me. Let mee be  
prepared for Death , before it  
come, that it may never take mee  
unprepared whensoever it shall  
come. Let mee thinke of that  
fearefull day of Iudgement ; and  
judge my selfe before I be judged,  
that I may not be found light in  
thy scale, when I shall be weighed.  
Let me, O let me thinke, how there  
is an Hell for the damned ; for  
better is it by timely fearing it,  
to avoid it : then by never drea-  
ming of it , head-long to fall into  
it. Lastly, let mee thinke of  
Heaven, how it is the place of the  
Blessed*

*Blessed : and that none but those that are of a cleane heart shall dwell in it. O cleanse thou mine heart , that I may bee prepared for it , and with much spirituall joy be receivd in it.*

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**CHAP. 66.**

*Death.*

**I**T is strange that *Death* should bee such a stranger to thee, when hee so daily visits those that neighbour neere thee. Thou hast beene familiarly acquainted with many, whose habitation is not now to bee found ; who have enjoyed the pleasures of sinne freely ; Others , who have enlarged their *Barnes* and *store-houses* carefully ; others, who have ruffled in their honours highly : and could deliver

liver a *Word* of *Command* bravely : and now behold how all these being arrested at *Deaths* suit , were enforced to veile to his surly command ! They have made their *Beds* in the *darke*. They have left their *Houses* unto others ; they are gone unto their *Graves* , and must not returne againe. Their *substance* they have left unto others : and *strangers* are become their *Heires*. They are *rooted out* from the face of the earth : and now they consider the vanity of their desires : how they who lay land to land while they were here , find now what a small scantling has suffic'd them in this their returne to their *last home*. Poore shell of corruption, what dost thou thinke of these things ? I know well , that great revenues , swelling honours , smiling

ling pleasures are dangerous, and fearefull *eye-sores* to a dying man. He lookes back upon his *Honours*, and askes of them, if they cannot relieve him: but like false hearted Retainers, they fly from him, and present their service to another: so quickly have they forgot their dying Master. Hee looks backe then upon his *Revenues*, those *household Gods* of his, his inchiſted *treasures*, and askes of them, if they cannot redeeme him: But alas, they have no such power: these reserve themselves for his prodigall Successour, or succeeding Rioter: they were so poorly used and employed by him, as they have quickly forgot their dying Master. At last he looks back upon his *pleasures*, unhappy pleasures, which now torment him more then ever they did delight him; and



and he askes them, if they can  
allay his paine, or any way suc-  
cour him: but alas, they soone  
leave him, for they find nothing  
in him nor about him that may  
entertaine them. An easie fare-  
well then have these taken of  
their dying Master. But thou,  
poore Pilgrim, hast no *honours*  
to transport thee; no *fortunes*  
to detain thee; no *pleasures* to  
ensnare thee? For the first, the  
count'nance of greatnesse never  
shone upon thee; for the se-  
cond, worldly wealth could  
never yet so burden thee: and  
for the last, though thy youth  
might affect them, the infirmi-  
ties of age have now estrang'd  
them from thee. And yet the  
voyce of *death* is more terri-  
ble to thee then the noise of a  
Canon. No note more dolefull,  
no summons more fearefull.  
And in this thou art not much  
to

to bee blamed : for Death is  
fearefull to all flesh. But so to  
plaint thine hopes on Earth ; as  
if thou mightst never goe from  
earth ; nor returne to earth ;  
albeit , thou canst find nothing  
on earth worthy to entertaine  
thee , is the unhappiest condi-  
tion that may befall thee. O  
thinke then of that time, even  
now while thou hast time,  
when thy soule, poor languish-  
in soule, finding thy eyes shut,  
thy mouth closed, and all those  
senses of thy body perished, by  
which shee used to goe forth,  
and be delighted in these out-  
ward things whereto shee was  
affected, shall returne unto her  
selfe : and seeing her selfe all  
alone and naked , as one affli-  
cted and affrighted with ex-  
ceeding horror , shall through  
despaire faile in her selfe , and  
fall under her selfe . O whither  
c7 wilt

wilt thou fly in hope of succour, to comfort thy poore soule in a time of such danger?

*Bern. Med.*

2.

*Even to thee will I fly O God of my salvation, for thou wilt not suffer my soule to descend to corruption. Nay, such is thy loving kindnesse, as thou wilt make my bed in my sicknesse. And because nothing is more certaine then death; nothing more uncertaine then the houre of Death; prepare mee continually against the houre of Death And that Death may appeare lesse fearefull unto mee, send thy Holy Spirit to comfort me; that being inwardly armed by thee against the assaults of Death, and fury of my Ghostly Enemy, I may fight a good fight, and cry, O Death where is thy sting! O Hell where is thy victory!*

Q

CHAP.

## CHAP. 67.

*Iudgement.*

**V**Oe is mee, I tremble to thinke of it, and yet I cannot thinke how to avoid it! Iudged I must bee, and who will speake for me? A fearfull witnesse I have *with in* me, to accule me: sinnes of *omission*, sinnes of *Commission* to impeach me, sinnes of *ignorance*, sinnes of *knowledge*, sinnes of *malice* to convict mee, though, one were sufficient to condemne mee. But thou wilt aske mee, of what art thou to bee brought to account? for what art thou to be brought to *Iudgement*? Even for all thy *thoughts*, *words* and *workes*. For God will bring every worke into *Iudgement*, with every *secret thing*, whether it be good, or whether it be *evill*. And that it may appear

Eccles. 12  
12.

peare that thou shalt be accountable for all these; first, touching thy *thoughts* : Of these thou shalt be judged ; for *froward thoughts* separate from God. And hee shall judge the secrets of men. With their conscience also bearing witnesse, and their thoughts ! the meane while accusing, or else excusing one another. Secondly, thou shalt give account of all thy words. Of every idle word that men shall speake, they shall give account in the day of Iudgement. Thirdly, thou shalt be accountable for all thy workes. For we must all appeare before the Iudgement seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

Sap. 1.

Rom. 2.

Ib. 5. 15.

Mat. 12.

2 Cor. 5.

O my poore afflicted Soule,  
canst thou heare these things,  
and not melt thy selfe into

Q 2 teares

teares? seeing, that not onely in the bed of thy sicknesse, by a secret divine power all those *workes* which thou hast done; be they good or evill, shall appeare before thee, and be presented to thee; but in that fearefull day of Account, when all flesh shall come to *Judgement*: all these in Capitall Letters shall appeare written before thee. Not one privieosome sinne, were it never so closely committed, or subtilly covered, or cunningly carried, but must bee there discovered. *Adam* shall bee brought from his *busbes*; and *Sarah* from behind the *doore*, and man, miserably perplexed man, shall say to his conscience, as *Ahab* said to *Elias*, *Hast thou found me, O mine Enemy!* O what numberlesse numbers of Bills of Inditement shall bee then and there  
pre-



preferred against thee? And of all these to be found guilty; O how art thou false into the gall of bitterness, and all misery! For what can the *thoughts* and Imaginations of thine *heart* say for themselves, but that they have beene evill continually? what can the *words* of thy *mouth* say for themselves, but that they have beene full of all filthinesse and scurrility? Lastly, what can the *workes* of thine *hands* say for themselves, but that they have beene loaden with transgressions and iniquity? But perchance, thou hast some hope of a pardon, and so like some of our deluded Delinquents here on earth, by flattering thy selfe with a vaine hope of life, estrangest thy thoughts from thinking of a better life. But doe not so deceive thy selfe; for if it be not by

faithfull repentance sought for here, there is no hope for any pardon there to bee procured; nor for any *Appeale* to be there admitted; nor for one minutes *Repreve* to bee there granted; nor for that heavy *sentence* of Death to be one moment ad-journed. That *sentence* of eternall Death. Depart from me; this shall bee the *sentence*: To lose whose countenance, and to Depart from his presence is to bring thy soule into endlesse torments, eternall anguish.

O my God, thou who hast appointed a time for every man to dye, and after that to come to judgement; make me to remember mine end; that sitting my selfe for it, I may cheerefully encounter it, and so prepare my selfe for that judgement which shall come after it. O make me walke  
in

in thy light, now while I have  
light to walke in; and to worke  
out my salvation now while I  
have time to worke in. For time  
will come, unlesse wee walke  
here as Children of light) when  
we shall have neither light to  
walke in, nor time to worke in.  
O inflame mine heart with thy  
love: and teach me thy judg-  
ments, and my soule shall live.

CHAP. 68.

Hell.

**H**Eare how the damned  
say: while they were  
here on earth they lived better  
then thou, and yet they are  
damned! And so they taxe  
Gods mercy and indulgence  
towards thee of injustice, and  
partiality. Such is those dam-

Q 4

ned

ned soules charity. Meane time,  
thou livest securely, feedest  
deliciously, and putttest the  
thought of the *evill day* from  
thee by walking foolishly in  
the ways of vanity. Little desire  
then maist thou have, O thou  
sinfull Pilgrim, to see death;  
having so little hope of life after  
Death. O, had some of those  
damned ones, who are now  
lost for ever, received those  
many sweet visits, motions and  
free offers of his *grace*; those  
opportunities of doing good;  
those many meanes of eschuing  
evill; no doubt but they would  
have beene as ready to enter-  
taine them, as thou hast been to  
reject them. O thinke with  
thy selfe, how happy had that  
rich Glutton beene, if hee had  
rewarded poore *Lazarus* with  
some few crummes from his  
Table! O had it not beene  
farre

farre better for him, to have given to the poore all that ever hee had; to have stripped himselfe to his shirt: and to have made exchange of his purple raiments with rags of poverty, then to fry in hel-fire eternally? O how happy had that rich man in the Gospel bin, if in stead of inlarging his *Barns*, he had inlarged his *Bowels* to the poore! Little knew hee how soone his soul should be taken from him; when hee addressed his care for so needlesse a provision. His thoughts were so taken up with *inlarging his Barnes*; as hee never thought, *How Tophet was ordained of old*; how it was made deepe and large; the pile thereof fire and much wood, and how the breath of the Lord like a streame of brimstone, doth kindle it. *Tophet* was large enough, though his *Barnes* were not.

Q 5

But.

Esay 30.

33.

But turne unto thy selfe ; for whom canst thou find in more danger of falling into that place of horror, then thy selfe ? How hast thou bestowed thy time ? how hast thou employed thy *Talent* ? O hast thou not put it up in a *napkin* ; or done worse by employing it to some wor- for end ? have not many bindam- ned for lesse then thou hast com- mitted : and did it repent thee of what thou hadst done , that so thou mightst not bee condem- ned ? O no ; many a wretched soule lyes there tormented for lesse offences then ever thou acted ; and hast thou yet turned to the Lord, that thou maist bee pardoned ? It is writton , in what houre soever the *Righteous* committeth *iniquity* , his *righteousnesse* shall not bee had in remembrance. Now, if the *righteousnesse* of him shall bee for-

Ezek. 42.



forgotten by committing iniquity, who leaveth what he once loved, relinquisheth what hee once professed; what may we thinke of the repentance of that sinner, who returns againe to that whereof hee repented? O how many have ascended even up to heaven, and amongst the starres have built their nests: and yet have suddenly falne from that glory, by glorying in their own strength, and so drench'd themselves in endlesse misery? And whence came all this, but because they ascended unto that Mountaine, to which the first *Angel* ascended, and as a *Divell* descended? And canst thou excuse thyselfe of being one of these? Hast thou not sometimes shewn to the world great arguments of piety? Hast thou not beene sometimes like the *Kings daughter*;

*Aug: Soliloq. c. 29.*

*Daughters, all glorious without :*  
but how soone becamest thou  
stript of this glory ? Thou fell  
from that seeming sanctity, or  
holy hypocrisie into open pro-  
phanenesse and impiety. Woe  
is mee, what shall become of  
me ! The wages of sinne is  
*death* ; a death that never dieth,  
but liveth eternally. Where  
nothing shall bee heard but  
weeping and wayling, groan-  
ing and howling, sorrowing  
and gnashing of teeth. O how  
grievous then shall bee mine  
anguish ! how endlesse my  
sorrow and sadnesse ! when I  
shall bee set apart from the so-  
ciety of the just ; deprived of  
the sight of God ; deliver'd  
up unto the power of the De-  
vils ; and to goe along with  
them into eternall fire : where  
I am to remaine without end  
in grieving and groaning !  
when

when I shall be banished from that blessed Countrey of Paradise, to bee tormented in *Hell* perpetually : where I must never see so much as one small beameling of light, nor the least drop of refreshment : but be tormented in *Hell* for thousand-thousand years: and so tormented, as never to be thence delivered: wher neither the tormentors become wearied ; nor they dye who are tormented.

*Bern. Med*

O my deare Lord, looke upon the price of thine owne blood. Thou hast bought mee for a great price : O deliver thy Darling from the Dags : remember her in mercy whom thou hast bought, O let her not goe downe into the Pit : neither let the Depth swallow her up. For who shall praise thee in the Depth ? O my good God, though the terrors of Death, and torments of Hell encompasse  
me,

me, yet art thou my Succour,  
and wilt deliver me: and my  
soule shall live to prayse thee.

CHAP. 69.

Heaven.

**O** How should I looke up  
unto thee, that have so  
provoked thee? O thou Man-  
sion of the Saints; thou portion  
of the just; thou Citie of the  
great King; thou heavenly and  
most happy kingdome; where  
thy blessed Inhabitants are ever  
living & never dying; wher thy  
glorious state is ever flourish-  
ing and never declining. I must  
confesse to my great grieve and  
shame, that I have no interest  
in thee. I have lost thee, un-  
happily lost thee, in losing my  
selfe, in losing my soule by sel-  
ling it to vanity. I sometimes  
resolved to play the part of a  
wise Merchant, and to sell all I  
had

had for the purchase of one  
*pearle*. But I held the purchas:  
too deare, and therefore have I  
deservingly lost it. Foolish  
Pilgrim, couldst thou find any  
thing more fitting to entertain:  
thy best thoughts, or bestow  
thy care, then the *salvation* of  
thy *soule*? Didst thou thinke it  
so easie a tasko to get *Heaven*,  
as to purchase it by making  
thine *Heaven on earth*; yet hadst  
thou but taken halfe so much  
pains to get *heaven*, as thou hast  
done to get *Hell*: thou mightst  
have challeng'd more interest to  
*Heaven*, then now thou canst.  
Many summer days & long win-  
ter nights have thy follies taken  
thee up: and these seem'd short  
unto thee, because thou tookst  
delight in those pleasures of  
vanity: But to bestow one  
short houre upon devotion; O  
how many distractions did that  
suffer

suffer ; and how long and tedious seem'd that houre , because that task was wearisome to thee, and thy mind was elsewhere wandring , and would not stay with thee : and canst thou now thinke that so rich a kingdom would keep it selfe for thee ; when thou wouldst neither *knock* that it might be opened to thee ; nor *seeke* that it might be found of thee? Health, thou know'st well , commeth not from the clouds without seeking , nor wealth from the clods without digging. And yet *Heaven* must be got without knocking or seeking. But great prizes are not to bee so purchased. For as *Heavens Gate* is straite , and *few* there be that enter ; so are our *tribulations* to be *many* ; that we may be of that *few* that shall enter. But I heare thee now cry out,



as one that had some sense of  
his sinne, and of the losse hee  
has incurred by sinne. " Woe  
" is mee ! I cannot looke upon  
" this *Earth*, I tread on without  
" blushing ; nor can I thinke  
" upon *Death* without sorrow-  
" ing ; nor the *day Indgement*  
" without trembling ; nor of  
" *Hell* without shaking ; nor  
" of the joyes of *Heaven* with-  
" out astonishing. For *Earth*,  
" I loved it so well, (and well  
" might I blush at my selfe for  
" for bestowing my love so ill)  
" as the remembrance of *Death*  
" became sorrowfull. For by  
" it I understood how I was  
" to be brought to *Indgement*,  
" of all others most feare-  
" full ; and from thence as  
" having nothing to answer in  
" mine owne defence, I was  
" to bee haled to *Hell* a place  
" dismall and dolefull. And  
con-

" consequently to forfeit all  
 " my title and interest in Hea-  
 " ven, which could not chuse  
 " but astonish mee, being a  
 " place so joyfull. This I like  
 well in thee: for this know-  
 ledge of thine infirmity, may  
 bring thee to look for remedy:  
 and by degrees to find recove-  
 ry. Ioyne then with mee, and  
 offer up thy prayer to the  
 Throne of grace, that He in his  
 mercy would look upon thee:  
 not that ym as could I thinke  
 (*Gracious God, though I be  
 altogether unworthy to lift up  
 mine eyes unto thee, or to offer  
 up my prayers unto thee, much  
 lesse to be heard by thee: yet for  
 his merits and mercies sake, who  
 sitteth at thy right hand, and ma-  
 keth intercession for me, reserve a  
 place in thine heavenly Kingdome  
 for mee. Deare Lord, in thine  
 House are many Mansions; O  
 bring*

bring me thither, that I may joyne my voyce with those voyces of the Angels, and sing prayes to thee, who sittest in the highest Heavens for ever.

---

CHAP. 70.

*With the Remembrance of these,  
Hee becomes afflicted  
in Spirit.*

**O** But yet I find my soule like dry ground, where no water is ! wheresoever I turne mee, I find affliction and misery, on all sides encompassing mee. O what shall I doe; where shall I fly to ? For behold, while I take my selfe aside from the world, into some with-drawing roome, purposely to forget the world, and prepare my selfe for the joyes  
of

of a better life : while , I say,  
I beginne to commune with  
my owne thoughts in the se-  
cret Chamber of mine heart ;  
I become so affrighted with  
the representment of those  
*four last Remembrances* , as I  
wholly forget what I inten-  
ded to speake : my tongue be-  
ginnes to cleave to the roose of  
my mouth ; my spate is dried  
within mee ; those active fa-  
culties of my soule leave mee :  
and mine understanding depar-  
teth from mee. O *Death* ,  
*Death* ! How *bitter* is the re-  
*membrance* of thee ? O how  
mee thinkes , thou summons  
mee ; and like a surly Guest,  
brokest in upon mee ; nay, un-  
invited, resolvest to lodge with  
mee ! And presently I feele  
my selfe wounded ; and so mor-  
tally as not to be cured. O how  
my divine eye-sight now dark-  
neth

neth; my painting breast bea-  
teth; my hoarse throat rutleth;  
how my teeth by little and  
little grow black, and draw to  
them a kind of rust; how my  
countenance growes pale, and  
all my members stiffe; how  
every sense and faculty failes:  
how my wasted body threat-  
neth a speedy dissolution! yet  
desires my poore soule to bee a  
Guest, still though there be cold  
comfort to bee found in such a  
forlorne Inne! but what are  
all these terrors of *Death* to  
that fearefull day of *Judgement*,  
when at the sound of the  
*Trumpe* all *flesh* shall rise!  
where none may be exempted,  
but all judged! O me! *Death*  
is nothing unto this. For  
what comparison betwixt a  
*Death* temporall and eternall?  
And such shall be the sentence  
of every *Reprobate*, amongst  
which

*Dam. de*  
*Hora mort.*

which I the chiefe. O how terrible will that great Iudge appeare to such as in this life would neither be allured by his *promises*, nor awakened with his *judgements*? O how dolefully will that voyce found in their eare. *Depart from me, I know you not!* And how ready will that officious Iaylor bee upon the delivery of this heauie sentence, to hale them to *utter darkenesse*; a place of endlesse torments: where the cursings and howlings of Fiends and Furies shall entertaine their melodious care; ougly and hideous sights shall entertaine their lasciuious eye; loathsome stenches their delicious smell; sulphur and brimstone their lasciuious taste; graspings and embracings of snakes, their amorous touch; Anguish and horror every sense! where those



those miserable damned soules  
shall be tormented, both in their  
flesh and spirit. In their *flesh*  
by fire ever burning and never  
decaying : and in their *spirit*  
by the *worme* of *Conscience* ever  
gnawing and never dying !  
where there shall bee grieffe in-  
tolerable , feare horrible , filth  
incomparable ; death both of  
soule and body , without hope  
of pardon or mercy.

*Bern. Med.*  
3.

And now to cloze with the  
last ; the losse whereof exceeds  
our sufferings in all the rest.  
O to consider how I , unhappy  
I , have not onely got *Hell* , the  
Lake of horror and misery ; but  
lost *Heaven* , the place of end-  
lesse joy and felicity : O what  
heart can consider it , and not  
resolve it selfe into a Sea of  
teares , in contemplation of it ?  
For what may the wretched  
soule thinke , when she listeth  
up

up the beames of her mind, and beholdeth the glory of those immortall riches; and withall considereth, how shee has lost all those for the poverty of this life; O how can shee bee lesse then confounded with anguish; how can shee doe lesse then rore forth in the affliction of her Spirit? Againe, when shee shall cast her eyes below her, and take a full view of the vale of this world, and perceive how it was but as a mist, and presently looking above her, admires the beauty of that eternall light; shee presently concludeth, that it was nothing else but night and darkenesse which shee here loved. O how shee fainteth, faltereth and fruitlessly desireth, that shee might but have some small remainder of time allotted her; what a sharpe course; what a severe

severe manner of conversation  
would shee take upon her? what  
and how great promises would  
be made by her? with what  
strict bonds of devotion  
would shee seemingly tye her?  
But this must not bee granted  
her; as shee had her full of  
pleasures here, so must shee  
now bee tormented for ever.  
O how my Spirit with the re-  
membrance of these becomes  
afflicted! O who will heale  
mee, for I am wounded.

O my gracious and deare Lord out  
of thy boundlesse compassion; looke  
upon my grievous affliction. Keepe  
not silence at my teares, for I am a  
stranger within thee and a sojourner  
as at my Fathers. I have none to fly  
unto but thee; and so highly have I  
provoked thee; that unlesse thou  
take pittie on mee, and receive mee  
for his blood, by which was shed for  
me,

Psal. 39.  
12.

Alia I

R

mee,

*mee, I am lost eternally. O my good Shepherd, call mee, thy lost sheepe, home; for lost I am, unlesse thou call me: lost for ever, unlesse thou save mee.*

### CHAP. 71.

*Faith appears unto him with a cheerefull presence; affording him comfort in his affliction.*

**B**Eing thus afflicted inwardly and outwardly, Faith appeared to mee; but alas, so much was I dejected, that although I might have beene moved to admiration with her goodly presence: and encouraged with her affable countenance: I stood still perplexed, being so farre from comfort as I scarcely expected in. Which

*Faith*

Faith well perceiving, shee  
drew neare mee, and pulling  
mee to her, with a *presence* no  
lesse *gracefull* then cheerfull;  
thus encounter'd mee.

“How now Pilgrim, have  
“you scene so many dayes, and  
“those so full of misery; and  
“and can you find ought here  
“where you have liv'd so  
“long, and found so small com-  
“fort, that may deserve your  
“teares? Is the world, this  
“empty Sponge, growne so  
“neare to your heart; as it has  
“power to draw teares from  
“your eyes? Tell mee the  
“ground of your griefe! Doe  
“you sorrow because Old-age  
“comes upon you, and you  
“can live no longer: or if you  
“should live, you cannot en-  
“joy that fulnesse of youthfull  
“pleasure which you formerly  
“tasted? or are you unwill-  
ing

“ling to forgoe your possessi-  
“ons; to take a long leave of  
“your friends; or to be stript  
“of those goodly honours,  
“which you here enjoyed?  
“No, I hope you are wiser  
“then to become so foolish a  
“Mourner. What is it then  
“that has thus violently  
“wrought upon your reason:  
“and brought your disordered  
“thoughts unto this distracti-  
“on? Surely, it must bee of  
“some importance that has  
“brought you into this dis-  
“consolate anguish. But this I  
“perceive to be a distemper of  
“your mind; and it shall bee  
“our principall care; upon  
“discovery of your wound,  
“to apply a speedy cure. Goe  
“to then, disclose your grieve  
“freely; and believe her, who  
“hates nothing more then  
“breach of faith, that upon  
“your



“ your imparting of it , you  
“ shall receive this friendly of-  
“ fice from mee ; either to cure  
“ it or allay it. Herewith I be-  
came so encouraged, as I made  
a free discovery of the grounds  
of my affliction ; which shee  
tooke so well at mine hands, as  
presently causing me to sit by  
her, shee begunne to comfort  
me in this manner. “ You have  
“ done wel in this discovery of  
“ your grief. Wounds cannot be  
“ cured, before they be opened.  
“ Neither doe wee feare but by  
“ ministring some fitting pre-  
“ scriptions, our endeavours wil  
“ bring forth that good effect,  
“ as you shall find great ease in  
“ your afflictions. You tell me,  
“ how the *Remembrance* of  
“ your *end* is very terrible to  
“ you: not so much in regard of  
“ your fear of *Death*: as of that  
“ fearfull day of *Indgement* after

“*Death.* For you find in your  
“selfe such an infinite and un-  
“supportable weight of grie-  
“vous sinnes pressing down-  
“your soule even to the gates  
“of Hell, as lesse then grieve  
“you cannot; else were you  
“insensible of the losse of a  
“soule. Trust mee, Pilgrime  
“so farre am I from sorrowing  
“with you, as I rejoyce in your  
“sorrowing: For this sense  
“of your sinnes brings you to  
“seeke for cure: which had  
“they not afflicted you, and  
“and brought you even to the  
“pit-brinke, had beene the least  
“of your care. It is well then  
“for you that you are affli-  
“cted: for else you might  
“have gloried and fatned  
“your selfe in your sinnes, and  
“so eternally perished. Bee  
“then of good comfort: and  
“suffer not *Cains* desperate  
“con-

" conclusion to have any pos-  
 " session in you : For I must  
 " tell you, hee sinned more in  
 " saying, *Greater is my sinne then*  
 " *can be pardoned*; then in mur-  
 " dering his Brother : For as  
 " in the one, hee lay violent  
 " hand on the Image of God ;  
 " So in the other hee detracted  
 " from the highest and dearest  
 " prerogative belonging to  
 " God : for there is no attri-  
 " bute wherewith hee is more  
 " delighted, then to be styled  
 " a *God of mercy*. We may safe-  
 " ly then conclude : That *des-*  
 " *paire* is of a more high and  
 " hainous nature then any sin.  
 " For tell me, has not God him-  
 " selfe with his owne mouth  
 " promised, and is he not both  
 " able and willing to performe  
 " what hee hath promised ?  
 " That, *At what time soever a*  
 " *sinner doth repent him of his sin*

Ezek. 18.

Ezek. 18.

"from the botome of his heart, hee  
 "will put away all his wickednesse  
 "out of his remembrance Though  
 "late repentance then bee sel-  
 "dom true, yet true repentance  
 "never commeth too late. The  
 "good Thiefe had no sooner  
 "repented him of his sin, and  
 "confessed Christ; then he was  
 "even at the last hour received  
 "to mercy: which example, as  
 "it admits no such liberty as to  
 "encourage any to *presume*, see-  
 "ing there was but one: nor  
 "to throw downe any into  
 "despaire, seeing there was  
 "one. Indeed there is no-  
 "thing that endangers mans  
 "salvation more then by gi-  
 "ving way to *delay*: yet when  
 "the sorrowfull soule heartily  
 "repents him of what is past,  
 "and with a constant religious  
 "resolve intends to redeeme  
 "the time to come; his pious  
 teares,

"teares, devout prayers, holy  
 "resolves will find ready ad-  
 "mittance to the Throne of  
 "Grace. For as his *mercy* is  
 "above all his *Workes*, so will  
 "hee shew it most on that  
 "worke which stands in most  
 "need of his mercy. This I am  
 "sure your long experience not  
 "onely observed but plente-  
 "ously tasted, for else have  
 "these yeares of your Pilgri-  
 "mage beene ill bestowed;  
 "that hee is *gracious, merciful,*  
 "and long *suffering*. Nay, that  
 "it has been evermore the pro-  
 "perty of this good and care-  
 "full Shepherd, to call home  
 "those that were wandring,  
 "invite those that were with-  
 "standing, expect those that  
 "were fore-slowing, & to em-  
 "brace those that were retur-  
 "ning. Nay, that it has bin ever  
 "the condition of this valiant

R 3      *Iasub,*

“ Iosuah, to exhort you to  
“ fight, and so to helpe you  
“ that you might become Con-  
“ queror in that fight. In one  
“ word, it has beene ever his  
“ care to behold you when you  
“ were in the Battaile fight-  
“ ing, to encourage you when  
“ you were failing, and  
“ crowne you when you were  
“ vanquishing. Come then tell  
“ mee, are you wearied and so  
“ heavy laden, that you must  
“ faint by the way, if you bee  
“ not refreshed? Behold, how  
“ hee has invited you to come  
“ unto him, where you may  
“ receive refreshment and  
“ comfort from him! Bee not  
“ then *wavering* in the *Faith*,  
“ but take fast hold of his pro-  
“ mises who will not faile  
“ you: and relye on his mer-  
“ cies, which in your greatest  
“ straits will deliver you. Bee  
“ *faith*.

i Iam. 5.



“*faithful* then unto the end, and  
“he wil give your hearts desire.

This Ladies exhortation afforded mee much comfort in this my affliction ; but much more when I knew who shee was :: for I had heard much of her , though I was never till then well acquainted with her. For so soone as I heard her name, I began to be very confident , that whatsoever shee spake came from good ground. Nay, I understood how no action, were it never so good in its owne nature, could sublist or become really good without her. How she was the ground-work of all vertues ; the pure Fountaine and firme foundation of all diuine graces. How no fruits were they never so pleasant to the eye , nor savoury to the taste, but they were *Sodoms* apples , unless they received growth.

Hab. 2. 4.

Rom. 3. 28

growth and ripeness from her:  
How every faithfull soule lived  
by her: how every one be-  
came justified by her: good rea-  
son then had I to rely on her,  
and to derive comfort from  
her.

|| Having in this manner with  
her sweet instructions refresh-  
ed mee, promising mee with  
all, that even in mine Agonies  
of death she would be near me,  
if now in these few but evill  
dayes of my Pilgrimage, shee  
were not discarded by mee:  
which I vowed never to doe  
so long as there was breath in  
my body; shee suddenly vani-  
shed from me; which did not  
a little perplexe me: for never  
tooke poore afflicted soul more  
joy in any ones company.

Mar. 14.  
31.

O my deare and benigne Iesu,  
how justly mightst thou have re-  
proved

proved mee', with—O thou of  
little faith! O it is but a little  
one; the least seed in the Garden;  
O increale this my faith! O  
pray to thy Father that my faith  
faile not! So shall my heart bee  
purified by faith. So shall I be-  
come justified by faith. So shall  
I have accessse to thee by faith;  
and hereafter live with thee and  
thy faithfull ones in the inheri-  
tance of the just.

Luke 17. 6.

v. 5.

Luke 12.

32.

Act. 5. 9.

Rom. 3.

28. c 5. 2.

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**CHAP. 72.***Hope seconds that comfort.*

**V**Ho is hee that know-  
eth not how soone  
Faith begins to decline and  
grow out of request in the  
heart of a worldling? This I  
found true by mine own expe-  
rience; for albeit, that com-  
fortable

comfortable assurance of Faith might seeme to have removed from me all occasions of feare: and had so well strengthened mee, as those infirmities whereof I formerly laboured, were to the outward eye wholly cured in mee: yet remained there still some core at mine heart. I found it was not so well with mee as it should be. Me thought day and night that terrible voyce of *Behold the man and his workes*! ever founded in mine eare. For I considered, how as God was *mercifull*, so hee was *just*. Neither did it stand with Gods *Iustice*, to pronounce any other *sentence* upon mee then as my finnes deserv'd. What then could I expect, but to be throwne downe into that bottomlesse pit, where nothing but *woe*, *woe* in every place resounded: horror and confusion dwelled.

dwelled ? Thus fared it with mee, as with one newly recovered out of some dangerous sicknesse, and after his recovery, by reason of some distemper makes relapse into his former malady. But I found, how when mans helpe faileth, Gods beginneth : And that mans extremity was Gods opportunity. So gracious is the Lord to those that feare him : yea, to all such as with an humble and contrite heart returne unto him. For behold how light appeared out of darkenesse ! One day as I stood thus perplexed, weary of life, yet fearefull to dye, there appeared, mee thought, before me a woman of a beautifull and cheerfull countenance ; bearing an *Anchor* upon her shoulder : who drawing towards me, presently demanded of mee how it was with

with me? But as one desirous to have none to share with mee in the burden of my affliction: nor to partake of any comfort, so strangely had my folly given way to temptation: as I turned uncivilly my face from her: but of so sweet and well-composed a spirit seemed this Lady, as all this nothing amated her: and the better to bring mee to a feeling of mine owne infirmity, addrested her discourse in this manner unto me.

“Goe to sir! you must not  
“have your owne will in this  
“fort: A froward Patient re-  
“quires a rough hand, and a re-  
“solute heart. But I will shew  
“my selfe more courteous to  
“you. I am not ignorant of  
“of your disease; and much  
“relyes your malady on my  
“cure. Doubt nothing of your  
“recovery, so you will but in-  
“genuously



“ gently discover your in-  
“ firmity. Neither am I alto-  
“ gether unacquainted with  
“ my sister *Faiths* late visit of  
“ you : whose sound cordiall  
“ comforts might have  
“ wrought such effect in you,  
“ as you should have lesse nee-  
“ ded any other receipts , had  
“ you discreetly applyed what  
“ was so seasonably , and sove-  
“ raignly ministred. But before  
“ I beginne with you ; let mee  
“ so farre prevaile with you, as  
“ to remove from your too  
“ much dejected and depressed  
“ spirit , all those unbeseeming  
“ thoughts , which perplexe  
“ your quiet : Bee not such an  
“ enemy to your selfe, as to re-  
“ ject that, which may rectifie  
“ your state: And of sick ; may  
“ make you whole ; and of a  
“ faint-hearted souldier, a cou-  
“ ragenious Warriour. And now  
“ to

“ to prepare you the better for  
“ this spirituall encounter :  
“ my first Assay must be, to re-  
“ move those *skales* from your  
“ eyes, which by long conti-  
“ nuance, are growne so thick,  
“ as they keepe you from  
“ knowing us.

This said, shee infused a smal quantity of a precious kind of liquor into my dusky and dre-ry eyes : which infused, those very *skales*, which formerly troubled my sight, became removed : so as, I perceived who it was that ministred unto mee : and by little and little became strengthened, as I was confident of recovery. Having found mee in this sort a little cheered ; as one desirous to perfect what she had begun : to make mee more hopefull of her cure, shee acquainted mee with the quality of her power.

“ How

“How now, said shee, I  
“cannot be perswaded but you  
“must now of necessity know  
“mee? Though I have bene  
“long time a stranger to you;  
“let us now renew our ac-  
“quaintance; believe it, it shall  
“not repent you: for I never  
“yet lodged in that Inne,  
“which held mee not a wel-  
“come Guest. Many before  
“this time had untimely pe-  
“rished, had they not by mee  
“bene seasonably supported.  
“By land and water have I  
“offered my selfe a friendly  
“companion: and firmly stuck  
“I to them who relyed on me,  
“in time of greatest danger  
“or opposition. And when no  
“semblance of delivery appea-  
“red: no hope of liberty ap-  
“proached: We with this  
“Anchor brought them to the  
“haven safely: planting them  
“so

1 Thes. 5. 8.  
 Tit. 2. 13.  
 Psal. 16. 9.  
 31. 24.  
 Prov. 13.  
 11. 14. 32.  
 Rom. 5. 5.  
 Rom. 8. 2.  
 12. 15. 13.  
 8. 24.

“ so securely, as no perill could  
 “ interpose their security.  
 “ And now tell me, is our  
 “ strength so weakned, as wee  
 “ cannot performe what wee  
 “ formerly so happily effected :  
 “ No, we are the same ; so wee  
 “ find the same Spirit in those  
 “ to whom we apply our cure ;  
 “ which to accomplish shall be  
 “ our principall care. Take  
 “ then for an *Helmet*, the *hope* of  
 “ *salvation* : Look for the  
 “ *blessed hope*. Let thy *flesh* rest  
 “ in *hope*. Be yee of good *coun-*  
 “ *rage*--all yee that *hope*. For  
 “ I must tell you, *hope deferred*  
 “ maketh the *heart sick* : but  
 “ the *righteous* hath *hope* in his  
 “ *death*. For so well and surely  
 “ is her foundation grounded,  
 “ as *hope* maketh not *ashamed*.  
 “ *Rejoyce* then in *hope* : be *pati-*  
 “ *ent* in tribulation. So shall  
 “ the God of *hope* fill you with  
 “ all

“all joy. To which fulnesse  
“I recommend you.

This said, she retired, but my  
*Hope* became much strengthened.  
For having sometimes heard, how *Hope* that is *seene*,  
is not *Hope*: Though I did not  
see her, yet was I comforted  
by her: for her sweet and  
comfortable advice had so  
cheered me; as with that pat-  
terne of patience, (and that  
with great vehemence) I cryed  
forth in this manner; through  
the *hope* and assurance which I  
had in my deare Saviour: *I*  
*know that my Redeemer liveth,*  
*and that with these eyes I shall see*  
*him.*

And now I begun to won-  
der at mine owne weaknesse;  
how I could so much as have  
the least distrust or diffidence in  
Gods goodnesse: how I could  
suffer my spirit to be so uncom-  
fortably

fortably drenched and drowned in the depth of misery : having so free *accesse* to the Throne of mercy. Againe, how in this surging Sea of affliction ; where every worldly wave threatneth ruine : I durst presume to play the *Mariner*, and faile without mine *Anchor*. Finding then so soveraigne a cure for my care : Such sweet solace to mine anguish : so present a reprove against death : so fit a receipt to my griefe, I thought good to returne to the Lord with my whole heart ; returning thanks unto him from whom cometh my helpe, and on whose gracious compassion have I grounded mine *hope*. My morning and evening Incense have I therefore resolved to offer : that in an acceptable time hee would be pleased to receive my



my prayer : teaching me how to suffer , and by suffering to conquer : and conquering , to render to the Lord of Hosts all honour.

O my mercifull Lord God, who bindest up the wounds of every contrite and truly penitent Sinner : suffering him not to bee tempted more then hee can beare : but of the abundance of thy compassion , givest him an issue out of his temptation : Make mee ever with a religious feare so to put my trust in thy mercy : as I may never be swallowed up of my misery. And seeing, wee are saved by hope : give unto mee such a saving hope, as neither too much confidence may make me presume : nor the too perplexing consideration of my many sinnes bring mee to a despaire of pardon. Bee yearefull O Lord in the house of my

Rom. 8.  
24.

my vifitation: let the enemy have  
no power over mee: but fo sha-  
dow mee under the wings of thy  
mercy; that the remembrance of  
thy judgements may rouse mee  
fleeping; the memory of thy  
mercies raife mee waking; to  
render praife unto thee, as my  
hope is in thee, my helpe from  
thee, O Lordeverlasting.

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CHAP. 73.

Charity promifeth him in this  
valle of mifery, to cover  
all his fcarlet finnes with  
the white roab of mercy;  
and by keeping her com-  
pany, conduct him  
safely to the king-  
dome of glory.

**B**UT our daily experience  
confirms this to be a true  
as

as nothing can bee truer : A  
 Worldlings mind is apter to be  
 transported with the light  
 gales of *presumption* : then to  
 be over-poized with any  
 weights of a contrary nature.  
 Man becomes so apprehensive  
 of the sweet promises of com-  
 fort, as hee not onely forgets  
 his former unhappy condition,  
 but even himselfe. So subject  
 is hee to surfet of that, which  
 was only given him to allay his  
 discontent : and to retaine in  
 him a thankfultnesse to him  
 from whose bounty he received  
 that benefit. This it seemes,  
 charity feared much would be-  
 fall mee : So as one day with a  
 comely, affable and gracefull  
 presence, he thought, shew ap-  
 peared unto me : not so much  
 to increase my comfort, as to  
 prepare my mind rightly to  
 use it. For the foule and sub-  
 dyols                      S                      ject

ject to no such dis-consolate humour, but refreshed with joy above measure; which to attempt, shee begun to impart her mind unto mee after this manner.

“It joyes mee much, good  
“Pilgrim, to see you thus  
“brought from death to life.  
“But it were well for you so  
“to moderate these comforts  
“which you have received: as  
“not to lose your selfe, lest you  
“might deprive your selfe of  
“the benefit of this comfort.  
“You may doe well then here-  
“in to imitate the Fly, which  
“putteth not her feet into the  
“great Masse of honey, but only  
“taketh with her tongue so  
“much thereof as serveth her  
“turne and no more, lest by do-  
“ing otherwise, she might re-  
“maine taken and drowned  
“therein. Too much honey  
cloyeth

"cloveth : and too much of  
 "comfort drowneth. Mode-  
 "rate then these , as you tender  
 "your inward peace. Time  
 "has beene vwhen the very least  
 "beameling of these comforts  
 "which now so plentifully  
 "reflect on you , would have  
 "infinitely refreshed you : for  
 "your spirit was wounded  
 "within you : present de-  
 "lights and future hopes had  
 "wholly estranged themselves  
 "from you. Stand then in feare,  
 "lest by abuse of these , some  
 "worse thing befall you.  
 "Many , by being unhappy  
 "have become happy : but very  
 "few have attained true hap-  
 "pinesse , by being in this  
 "world ever happy. Now  
 "then , as my sister Faith has  
 "in these spirituall comforts  
 "grounded you : And my  
 "younger sister Hope has in  
 "beloq S 2 these

“ these confirmed you: So shall  
“ it be my care, who am their  
“ poore contemptible sister,  
“ to prepare you for them, as  
“ they have prepared them for  
“ you: that such choyce re-  
“ ceipts may be applyed to that  
“ end for which they were mi-  
“ nistred: and your comforts  
“ such, as the issue of them  
“ may not be repented.

After this discourse of hers,  
I desired much to know her  
name: for being, as shee pro-  
fessed, sister to those two La-  
dies, from whose advice I had  
received so great comfort: I  
wondred much at her Habit:  
for though her presence were  
comely, her countenance love-  
ly, her behaviour sweetned  
with a well-beseeming mode-  
sty; yet her apparell was but  
meane. Which she observing,  
with a quick delivery and com-  
posed



posed gravity, shee thus answered mee,

“ You must not gather by my  
“ *Habit* what I am. For I  
“ weare the worlds livery;  
“ such as shee is pleased to be-  
“ stow upon mee; with no  
“ lesse content, then shee  
“ throwes it on me with con-  
“ tempt. For many yeares to-  
“ gether have I beene the Rich-  
“ mans *Almoner*: yet never to  
“ this houre did I increase my  
“ store: for all the service I  
“ did him, I required no other  
“ wages of him, but to take  
“ his poore Hand-maids coun-  
“ sell, which was: To make  
“ himselfe happy with his  
“ owne. But alas, I found *Si-*  
“ *monides* saying too true! The  
“ vertuous did more frequent  
“ the doores of the rich, then  
“ then the rich of the vertuous.  
“ The poore were vertuous,

“and repaired to the doores of  
“the rich : but the rich were  
“vicious, and would not open  
“their doores to the poore.  
“I observed how vertue was  
“accounted such a treasure, as  
“it was held more fitting to be  
“out of the world then in it :  
“wheruas riches held that re-  
“putation amongst men : as  
“men were held of no reputa-  
“tion without it. But you de-  
“fire to know my name; and  
“you shall have it : but I pray  
“you doe not imitate the fa-  
“shion of this present world,  
“by loving one worse when  
“you hear it. Neither am I a fit-  
“ting Consort for you, unlesse  
“my two Sisters have wrought  
“some good effect on you. For  
“charity is cold; and such Com-  
“pansions are not easily enter-  
“tained : nor such Guests  
“kindly received ; where the  
“one

"one bids us *give* that we may  
 "receive : the other bids us  
 "give all that we *have* : and  
 "when all that wee *have* is gi-  
 "ven, to expect our reward in  
 "heaven. But this *sowing* of  
 "bread upon the *water*, is of  
 "too hard digestion to a fo-  
 "lish worldling : and yet it  
 "must be *sown* upon the *wa-*  
 "ter, or your *harvest* is lost for  
 "ever. Let mee then second ;  
 "what my deare Sisters have  
 "proposed : as your discom-  
 "forts were by them not onely  
 "allayed ; but with assurance  
 "in Gods promises confir-  
 "med : So heare what *charity*,  
 "the Worldlings out-cast, will  
 "doe unto you ; to make you  
 "perfect throughout for Him  
 "who will receive you. I  
 "have never yet beene known  
 "to bee more ready to *promise*  
 "then *performe*. Yet shall the

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“promise which I make unto  
“you, bee of infinite conse-  
“quence: for it shall make  
“you eternally happy in the  
“performance. You are here  
“planted in a *vaine* of misery,  
“where I promise to cover all  
“your *scarlet sinnes* with the  
“*white robe* of mercy. Nay,  
“I will yet goe a little farther  
“to conferre on your peacefull  
“progress the higher honour:  
“If you will deaigne to leave  
“the world, and receive mee  
“who am despised of the  
“world: If you will, I say,  
“leave her society, and bid adue  
“to her blooms of vanity: by  
“keeping mee company, I  
“shall conduct you safely to the  
“Kingdome of glory.

I Now let it be the least of your  
“feare, that I promise above  
“my power. For as my sisters  
“imparted their love unto  
“you

“you, in cheering, comforting,  
“and confirming you: So shall  
“you find no lesse alacrity in  
“mee, in perfecting what they  
“have so happily begunne in  
“you. For I must tell you,  
“ (neither would I have you  
“thinke that this proceedeth  
“from any *vaine glory*, being  
“that which could never chal-  
“lenge the least affinity with  
“true *charity*) that though my  
“sisters may seeme to have  
“priority in list and number, yet  
“am I to challenge preceden-  
“cy in respect of dignity and  
“order. This that vessell of  
“Election confirmed when he  
“said: *Now abideth faith, hope,*  
“*charity, these three, but the*  
“*greatest of these is charity.*  
“Neither shall you need to re-  
“ceive any other description  
“for the portraiture of my  
“feature, or quality of my na-  
ture

1 Cor. 53.  
13.

1 Cor. 8. 1.

v. 1.

"ture, then what that glorious  
 "Champion hath already re-  
 "turned to you. For tell mee,  
 "have you desire to bee infor-  
 "med in what most concerns  
 "you; to bee edified in what  
 "most imports you? It is not  
 "knowledge but charity that  
 "must worke this good effect  
 "in you. For, *knowledge puffes*  
 "up, but *charity edifieth*. Or  
 "would you bee perswasive in  
 "Oratory; or powerfull in  
 "prophecy; or an usefull Alm-  
 "ner for your soules safety?  
 "you must necessarily bee ac-  
 "companied by *Charity*; or  
 "you are but as *sounding brasse*,  
 "or a *tinkling Cymbal*. Your  
 "power to remove *mountaines*  
 "shall not remove in you the  
 "least Mole-hill of your sinne.  
 "Your bestowing all your  
 "goods to feed the poore,  
 "shall not make your soule  
 rich



" rich : these cannot profit you,  
 " if charity doe not accompany  
 " you. Seeing then the tongues  
 " of men and angels are but  
 " tinklings and very sounds  
 " without charity ; knowledge  
 " becomes fruitlesse without  
 " the edifying helpe of charity ;  
 " propheties, bee they never so  
 " mysterious ; Sciences , bee  
 " they in their owne nature ne-  
 " ver so commodious, are alto-  
 " gether unprofitable without  
 " charity: <sup>a</sup> Let all your things be  
 " done with charity. <sup>b</sup> Follow af-  
 " ter charity, <sup>c</sup> Above all things  
 " put on charity. <sup>d</sup> Above all  
 " things have fervent charity: for  
 " charity shall cover the multi-  
 " tude of sinnes. <sup>e</sup> Adde to  
 " godlinesse, brotherly kindnesse ;  
 " and to brotherly kindnesse, cha-  
 " rity. For, the end of the com-  
 " mandement is charity : And  
 " now, seeing I have here given  
 " you

a 1 Cor. 16

14.

b 14. 1.

c Col. 3. 14

d 1 Pet. 4.

8.

e 2 Pet. 1. 7

f 1 Cor.  
13.4.

g.v.5.

h.v.6.

" you a full draught of *charity* :  
 " by a due examination of your  
 " selfe, you shal easily find whe-  
 " ther she be in your heart or  
 " no. For by these diuine effects  
 " you shall find her to be yours,  
 " and she possessed of yours :  
 " *charity suffreth long* & is kind,  
 " *enues not* : *charity vaunteth not*  
 " *it selfe, is not puffed up*. You shal  
 " likewise know even by your  
 " *outward behaviour*, whether  
 " or no you have received  
 " *charity*, or given her harbour :  
 " for *Charity* g doth not be-  
 " *hauē it selfe unseemly*, seeketh  
 " *not her owne*, is not easily pro-  
 " *voked*, thinketh no euill. You  
 " shall perceiue likewise by the  
 " *very joy* of your heart, whe-  
 " ther *charity* have taken up  
 " there her lodging. For shee  
 " *h Rejoyceth not in iniquity*, but  
 " *rejoyceth in the truth*. Lastly,  
 " you shall gather by your con-  
 " *stancy*

" *stancy* ; whether or no you  
 " hold correspondency with per-  
 " fect *charity*: For *charity* i never  
 " *faileth*. Well may I then con-  
 " clude with that glorious Light  
 " of the Eastern Church, where  
 " *charity* is present, no good  
 " thing can be absent: wher *cha-*  
 " *rity* is absent, no good thing  
 " can be present. Againe; There  
 " is not any thing, be it never so  
 " little, but being done in *chari-*  
 " *ty*, it is esteemed for great:  
 " And there is nothing bee it  
 " never so great, but being  
 " done without *charity*, it is ac-  
 " counted little: To cloze then  
 " all in one, seeing *Charity* is  
 " one in all: Wee see how all  
 " signe themselves with the  
 " signe of the Crosse, how all  
 " answer Amen, all sing *Alle-*  
 " *luia*, all are baptised, all obey  
 " the commands of their Mo-  
 " ther, the Church; yet are not  
 " the

i v. 8.

Aug.

Ib.

Vide Aug.

“ the children of God discern-  
“ ned from the children of the  
“ Devill but by *Charity*.

“ If then you desire to live,  
“ learne to love : you are now  
“ in your *Journey* towards your  
“ *Countrey*, keepe me but com-  
“ pany, and I shall safely con-  
“ duct you to a *City*, where  
“ there raigneth perfect *Cha-  
“ rity*.

It is not to be exprest what infinite content I tooke in the sweet discourse of this divine Consort. For me thought I felt a fervorous heat or glowing within me. So as I desired nothing more then to reteine her still in my company. But having told me that shee had many places to goe to : and that in her absence I might find occasions in every place to remember her : for I could not possibly give the least entertain-

tainment to my afflicted Brother, but I might become her Remembrancer: which I should not feare to see plenteously rewarded hereafter: with a longing eye after her, I tooke my leave of her. Desiring no greater solace, then to bestow the small remainder of my time in her service: and resolving in all humble manner, ever from that time to become her faithfull Almner.

*Deare Father, thou who art perfect Charity, purifie my heart throughout, that I may prepare a roome therein fitting to entertaine thee. Though Charity grow cold in the world, let my desires become so wained from this present world, that my Charity may witnessse for mee, that I am preparing for an other world. Give mee a liberall heart; that freely com-*  
muni-

manicating to the necessity of thy  
Saints, and constantly relying on  
thy promises, through a firme  
Faith and Hope reposed in thee,  
I may at last come unto thee;  
and of a poore Pilgrim become an  
happy Citizen in thy Kingdome;  
there to sing Alleluia amongst  
those glorious Saints for ever  
more.

#### CHAP. 74.

He takes comfort; And now  
wearyed with sojourning lon-  
ger in Idumæa, he turns  
to Canaan.

**S**O ineffably sweet were  
these comforts which I ta-  
sted; and so plentifully flow-  
ing were those Fountaines  
from whence they were deri-  
ved; as I gathered thence, if  
there



there were such comforts in the day of *mourning*, what would there bee in the day of *rejoycing*? If such spirituall delights presented themselves in a *Prison*; what incomparable pleasures might be expected in a *Pallace*? If such joyes in the dayes of our captivity, what may be looked for in that day of *Iubilee*? In the consideration whereof; never did chased *Hart* long more thirstily after the *Water-brookes*; then my poore wearied spirit did after her heavenly *Bethesda*. O how shrilly mee thought, did the cryes of the Saints under the Altar sound in mine eare? O how long Lord! How long! O how long shall I sojourne in this Pilgrimage of *cares*; this valley of *teares*; and become estranged from that *Inheritance* of *lasting joyes*; the only sight whereof

whereof shall make me happy;  
and from this Wildernesse of  
sinne bring me to the Sinah of  
glory? Woe is me, my Light,  
my Love, my Dove, my only  
one, for that I have dwelled  
with the inhabitants of *Cedar*!  
Woe is mee, my King and my  
God, that my habitation is pro-  
longed! For if holy *David*,  
*David*, a man according to  
Gods owne heart, sometimes  
said, how much more may I  
unhappy one say, *My soule*  
*bath beene too long an inhabitant?*  
Long, and all too long have I  
sung, because I was unsensible  
of my sinne, my own countrey  
songs by those waters of Baby-  
lon. Well therefore may I say,  
*It was good for mee that I have*  
*beenne afflicted; that I might*  
*learne thy statutes.* O my Lord,  
hadst thou never afflicted mee;  
I had never sought to know  
thee:

Psal. 119.  
71.

thee. Hence is it that I know thee, because thou hast afflicted mee. And now *my soule melteth for beaviness*, not for that thou hast afflicted mee: but for that shee has beene so long divided from thee. I know Lord, I know, how hee who never mourned while hee was a *Pilgrim*, shall never rejoyce when hee comes to bee a *Citizen*. And as to abide for ever, if wee would we might not: forejoyce here and hereafter, though we would, wee may not. It is a great argument that hee loves not his Countrey; who without occasion foreflowes his returne into his Countrey; or takes any delight in any place before he returne unto his Countrey. Alas, I must confesse, I have longed too much after the Onions and Garlicke, and Flesh-pots of Egypt

v. 28.

With  
shreeks I  
entered,  
and in royle  
I lived,  
With griefs  
gripes,  
groanes, and  
I of life de-  
prived.

Egypt : but now with gushing  
eyes doe I returne unto thee, O  
receive mee ! I have protested  
(and O strengthen so religious  
a protest with thy Spirit) never  
to take any more delight in  
*Idumaea*. I have suffered too  
much in it and by it, to be now  
any more taken or delighted  
with it. And now after my  
loathing of these puddles of va-  
nity, I have longed after those  
ever-running streames of eter-  
nity. O how hath my soule  
thirsted after thee; how greatly  
hath my flesh longed for thee ?  
my soule hath thirsted after  
thee, the living fountaine ; O  
when shall I come and appeare  
before the face of the Lord ?  
when wilt thou come, O my  
Comforter ? For whom else  
shall I expect ? O that I might  
see thee O my Ioy, which I de-  
fire ! O then shall my soule be  
satis-

satisfied, when my glory shall  
appeare, for which I so long  
hungred! O then shall I bee  
made drunke with the fulnesse  
of thine house, after which I  
have sighed! O then wilt thou  
refresh me with the Brooke of  
thy pleasure, after which I have  
thirsted! In the meane time,  
let my teares become my bread  
day and night, untill such time,  
as it be said unto me; *behold thy  
God!* untill my soule heare, *be-  
hold thy Spouse!* Meane while,  
thou heavenly Shepherd, feed  
me with thy sighes, refresh me  
with my sorrowes. My Re-  
deemer will doubtlesly come,  
for hee is good: neither will  
hee fore-slow his coming, for  
hee is gracious. *To him be glory  
for ever more.* *Oh hasten thy coming for thine  
Elect sake.* Come Lord Iesu  
come quickly, I supplicke I pray

## CHAP. 75.

*The poore penitent Pilgrims last  
Will and Testament.*

**I**N the name of the *Father*, the  
*Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*. *I S.*  
*M.* A poore penitent Pilgrim,  
sound in body, and of perfect  
memory: yet being daily read  
in the Lecture of mans morta-  
lity: how all *Flesh* is *Grasse*, and  
the *beauty* thereof as the *Flower*  
of the field; which this day flou-  
risheth, to morrow withereth:  
and that it is every Christians  
duty to prepare himselfe before  
*Death* come, lest it find him un-  
provided at such time as it shall  
come. Moved, to say, with  
these considerations, I have  
here made this my last Will  
and Testament as followeth.

First I bequeath my soule in

CHAP.

to



to the hands of my gracious Redeemer, by whose most precious blood I was redeemed: and by whose merits and mercies (for my merits are his mercies) I hope to bee glorified. And forasmuch as there was no *safety* out of the *Arke*; nor no salvation now without the *pale* of the *Church*, figured by the *Arke*: and that the *tare* from the *wheat* must be severed; the *Sheepe* and the *Goats* must not into one *Feld* be gathered: HERE in the presence of God and his blessed Angels; for the discharge of mine owne conscience, and the satisfaction of others: who, perchance, have in their opinions been divided, doubting much how *I* in points of Religion stood affected; Doe I make a free and publike confession of my Faith, bring that *Covenant* by which  
 bms wec

we are knit unto her, and made *Members* of her.

I beleeve the *holy Catholike Church*, to be the *Communion* of the *Faithfull*, whereof I desire to live and dye a Member: for which to suffer I should account it an honour: holding this for a *Principle* ever; That none can have *God* for his *father*, that will not take his *Holy Sponse* the *Church* for his *Mother*. There is no *Article* in the *Apostles Creed* which I do not beleeve for *Catholike* and *Orthodoxall*, with the exposition thereof; and every *Clause* or *Article* thereof in such manner, as it hath beene universally received by the *holy Catholike Church*, from the first four hundred years after *Christ*; and as it holds in consent or harmony with the *Holy Scripture*, the *Christians Armour*; by which  
and

and the constant practise of piety, every faithfull Souldier of Christ Iesus may be enabled to pull downe those strong Holds of his spirituall enemy: and by possessing his soule in patience, obtaine a glorious victory. And as there have been at all times tares in Gods field; so is it more to be pittied then doubted, that there are many surreptitious errors crept into the bosome of the Church through the corruption of time, and our enemies malice: which though they ayme not at the *Corner-stone*, nor at the maine *foundation*, yet being but *stubble*, & no wayes conducing to so glorious a building, they are to bee accounted of that qualitie, as they blemish much her primitive beauty. These then being the fancies of humane braines, and introduced

T                      ced

ced into the Church for private ends ; and so continued rather by an imperious then just command, I hold them so farre from being effectuell to salvation, as they become scandalous to many tender consciences, and consequently deserve rather to be rejected then embraced. But for the *Ornamentss* of the Church, as shee is the *Kings Daughter*, so she should be comely : and for her *musicke* or *melody* ; being his *Spouse*, it admits harmony : for so drow sic is mans zeale and affection, as hee stands in great need of something to stirre up his devotion. Likewise of those ancient and decent '*Ceremonies* of the Church, being discreetly, and not superstitiously used, I have ever reverently esteemed. Neither am I ignorant how disputation in arguments

ments of controversall learning hath beene of late yeares in more request then care of blamelesse conversation and living ; how indiscreet and impertinent reasoning has in many places brought that wooll full effect, as it hath begot many irreparable rents in Christs seamelesse Coat : thus wounds left to the handling of unexpert hands became so farre from curing, as they grew more dangerously spreading, and desperately increasing then they were in the beginning, and before they came to handling. These Deficiencie are with pious teares and devout prayers to be repaired, that men of learning may bee likewise men of living; being endowed with that zeale, as in all their arguments by way of private discourse or more publike op-  
T 2 position,

position, their sole ayme and desire may bee to propagate the Gospel, and in it the glory of God, with all singlenesse of mind, and that without singularity of judgement; being so free from all manner of ostentation, or the spirit of contradiction, as they may shun nothing more then popular applause, nor hold any thing more deare then the Churches peace. So as, to compose this breach, I never held those in points of Religion to be fitting Disputants, who made it their onely ayme in a scholasticall manner to weave up their Arguments: but such moderate spirits, whose desires were rather to cleare mens consciences from inbred scruples, then broach new differences.

With all due reverence I esteeme of those two Sacraments;



craments; *Baptisme* and the *Supper* of the Lord, as those two nursing breasts of the Church: the one to cleanse and purifie us at our entring: the other to strengthen and sanctifie us living: and to glorifie our soules at their departing. As with mine heart I beleeve unto righteonsnesse, so with my Mouth doe I confesse unto *salvation*. Neither, doe I professe my selfe such a *Soli-fidian*, as to hold *Faith* sufficient to salvation without *Workes*. Neither such a *Champion* for good *workes*, as to hold *workes* effectually without *Faith*. As *Faith* is the root, so are *workes* the fruit. Nay, I hold these to have such necessary dependence one of th' other, as they are ever to go hand in hand together: Otherwise that fearefull curse which our blessed Saviour sometimes

pronounced upon the *baraine*  
*Fig-tree*, must be their censure.  
And now in this day of my  
*Change*, as in this confidence  
I have ever lived, so my trust is  
that in the same I shall dye:  
“That in the Resurrection of  
“my Saviour Christ Iesus is my  
“hope: and in his Ascension is  
“my glory. For, I believe that  
*my Redeemer liveth, and that*  
*with those eyes I shall see him.*

Thus have I rendered an ac-  
count of my faith; the sub-  
stance whereof as I have ever  
professed in my life: so I hope  
with all Christian constancy to  
continue the profession thereof  
even unto death. So as, though  
the assaults or temptations of  
the Devill, my spirituall enemy,  
whose practise hath beene ever  
by cruelty or subtilty to de-  
prive man of his hope of glory,  
should with all fury assaile me,

yet

yet shall they never have power to prevaile against mee; for the Lord, who is my defence, will in mercy draw neare mee, and in that dying conflict give mee the victory. This then shall be my clozing  
“ Resolve, I meane to continue  
“ in the profession of that *Faith*,  
“ now when I am old; wher-  
“ in being a child I was borne.

And having thus returned a due account of my Beliefe; I hold it very fitting not to neglect that laudable use of disposing that estate whereof God in his goodnesse and providence towards me, made mee here his Steward. It were good then for mee, that I remembred that message returned by *Isaiah* the sonne of *Amos* to *Hezekiah*: *Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.* True it is, when

*Hier. ad Pammach. et Ocean de error. Orig.*

*2 Reg. 20. 1*

the *outward house* is orderly disposed, the *inward house* cannot chuse but bee better prepared. To remove then from mee the cares of this present world, that I may take a more willing adieu of the world before I leave it, and so addresse my cares for a better world by waining my desires from it: for live hee cannot in the Land of the living, who prepares not himselfe for it before his arriving: my mind and will is, that my worldly substance bee disposed of in manner and forme following.

First, then after this vessell of Earth, this poore shell of corruption shall bee to earth committed, and as neare to the bones of mine Ancestors, as the conveniencie of the place may permit, interred: and that my Funerall expences shall be discharged;

charged ; in the performance of which Christian duty I approve of decency , but in no case too much solemnity ; ( which has too often drowned the remembrance of mortality in the lees of sensuality ) after this, I say, my Will is, that this small estate wherewith God hath blessed mee, shall be divided in equall parts or portions amongst my Children : that, as they are all equally mine , - so they may bee equall sharers in mine : Of whom I will not prophesie that they will *dis-*  
*pate* or scatter all I leave them : I have better hopes treasured in them. For the portions I leave them , though small yet competent, if they be contented : and more then I could wish them , if otherwise affected. A very little will suffice nature ; enough I leave them,

if well employed : too much if abused. May Gods blessing and mine be ever with them in their improvement of it. And that I may crowne their hopes, and my houres with one blessing more : Blessed Spirit, by which every Passenger is safely conducted from this vale of misery, to the Kingdome of glory, as these little ones are mine by *generation*, so may they be thine by *regeneration*, to whose gracious protection both now and ever I commit them.

Now I nominate and appoint for Surpervisors of this my last Will and Testament, my deare friends, *Agapetus & Elicrines*, if they shall bee then living at my death : whom I heartily desire, for the love they beare to goodnesse ; nay, for the love they bear to him, who  
is



is the fountaine of all good-  
nesse, and as I repose much trust  
in them ; to performe this my  
Will.

And now mee thinkes, all  
my worldly cares are drawne  
neare unto their period. Seeing  
then I am sailing towards mine  
Harbour ; Let mee strike An-  
chor : that taking the wings of  
the Morning, I may fly to the  
bosome of my dear Redeemer.  
Go forth then my Soule, what  
fearest thou ? goe forth, why  
tremblest thou ? Thou hast had  
enough of *Idumæa* ; for what  
foundst thou there but anguish ?  
Now then turne thy face to the  
*Wall*, and thinke of the *Land*  
of *Promise*. Thou hast but  
now a little time left thee : the  
remainder whereof is justly  
exactd by him that made thee.  
Sighes, sobs, prayers, and teares  
are all the treasures that are left  
thee.

*Hieron.*

thee : and precious treasures  
shall these be to thee, if presented by *faith* to the Throne of mercy. The Enemy can never prevaile, where Christian *fear* and constant *hope* possesse the Soule. Let thy *Desire* then be *planted*, where thy *treasure* is placed ; and as one ravished with a spirituall fervour, cry out and spare not with that devout Father : “ Should my  
“ Mother pull her haire, teare  
“ her Clothes , lay forth  
“ those Brests which nursed  
“ mee , and in this sort hang about me; should my Father lye  
“ in the way to stoppe me, my  
“ Wife and Children weepe  
“ about mee ; I would throw  
“ off my Mother , neglect my  
“ Father, contemne the lamentation of my Wife and Children, to meet my Saviour,  
“ Christ Iesus.

Hieron.

And

And lesse then this, O my  
 soule, thou canst not doe;  
 if thou callest to mind what  
 thou leavest; to whom thou  
 goest; and what thou hast  
 in exchange for that thou  
 loost. For what leavest thou  
 here, but a world of misery?  
 To whom goest thou, but to a  
 God of mercy? And what hast  
 thou in exchange but immortal  
 glory, for a vile, fraile, and  
 corruptible body? whatso-  
 ever thou hadst here, was  
 got with paine, kept with  
 feare, and lost with griefe:  
 Whereas now thou art to pos-  
 sesse eternall riches without la-  
 bouring; and to enjoy them  
 without feare of losing. *My*  
*heart then is ready, my heart is*  
*ready*; too long have I sojour-  
 ned here, in making me a stran-  
 ger to my heavenly Country.  
 It is high time for mee then to  
 dis-

95  
 96  
 97  
 98  
 99

discampe : and to leave these  
of *Kedar*: that I may rest with-  
out labouring ; rejoyce with-  
out sorrowing ; and live with-  
out dying in the Celestiall  
*Thabor*. Say then with that  
vessell of Election , and  
thinke as thou sayest : *I desire*  
*to bee dissolved, and to be*  
*with Christ*. Even so  
Lord I E S U S, come  
quickly.

**FINIS.**



## *His Obsequies.*



Now, as yee have  
 seen this *poor peni-*  
*tent Pilgrim* in I-  
*dumea* wandring,  
 and with the *Prodigall Child*,  
 happily returning, so Chri-  
 stian charity assures you  
 that hee is now in *Canaan*  
 arriving. Being, after so  
 many tedious dayes and  
 nights of misery, translated  
 hence by the irrevocable  
 sentence of mortality. Let  
 pious

*Sitiens Sepulchrum repetit, ossa Sepulchrorum respicit, suspirans Sepulchrum deserit; quando autem in domum, fragilitatis humane Speculum meditando, tenderet, in tabernam descenderet, ubi totam noctem, calicibus indulgendo, expenderet.*  
Chrysol.

pious teares and prayers prevaile so farre with you, that as yee have taken a full view of the whole progresse of his life, so yee would performe a *Christian Office* in accompanying the solemn accomplishment of his *Obsequies* after death. Draw neare then unto his *Sepulcher*; and in it consider how yee are made of the very selfe same *Mould* and *Matter*: and must, as he has done, pay your *debt* to *nature*. Doe not like that *unfruitfull Spectator* or *formall Mourner*, who coming amongst others to see his *Friend* buried, and beholding dead mens skuls and bones peece-meale scattered,



tered, with an easie sigh  
thence departed. But  
when hee should have gone  
home, to thinke of his last  
home, by meditating of  
that Memoriall of Death;  
he betooke himselfe to the  
Taverne, to drench and  
drinke downe those *melan-*  
*cholly thoughts* in a deepe  
health.

Oh thinke from *whence*  
yee came, and be ashamed;  
*Where* yee are, and be pre-  
pared, *whereto* yee goe (if  
unprepar'd) and stand ama-  
zed! from *Earth* was your  
beginning, on *Earth* is your  
Pilgrim being; but in *Hell*  
(without repentance) your  
perpetuall dwelling.

Dye then to *Earth* be-  
fore

fore yee leave Earth, that  
leaving Earth, yee may live  
in heaven, the inheritance  
of the *Iust* upon Earth.

---

*His*

---



## His Grave-stone.

HE, whom here this *Stoned* do's cover,  
 Whilest hee lived was no other  
 Then a *Pilgrim* and your *Brother*,  
 But too long the *Worlds Lover*.  
 Would yee know that course of his?  
 In an *Abstract*, it was this.

Long in *Idumaea* living,  
 Rich in *favour*, *fortune*, *fame*,  
 Strong in *power* to shield the same,  
 Never losing, ever thriving;  
 He esteem'd himselfe sole-blest  
 In those *treasures* he possessest.

Mines and Magazines of gaine,  
 Various objects of delight  
 Sported with his appetite,  
 Till those *Guests* he'd entertaine,  
 Made him to consider well  
 Earth was but the *Sinners Cell*.

*Pride.*

*Pride* firſt rais'd him to a *Cedar*,  
*Avarice* made him hug his treaſure,  
*Envy* pin'd him beyond meaſure,  
*Wrath* became his paſſion leader,  
*Riot* cram'd him, *Lust* belu'd him,  
*Sloth* by ſeazing on him, dull'd him.

Thus environ'd, reſt of reſt,  
 Solace, Soule-ſociety,  
 Till *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*  
 Re-poſſeſt him of a *Guest*,  
 Which thoſe *Guests* he pamper'd fo,  
 Had before eſtranged him to.

Seas thus calm'd, & ſtormes appeas'd,  
 To diſcover his content,  
 He makes his *Will*, and *Teſtament*,  
 Which if (*Chriſtians*) yee be pleas'd  
 To parrake, come with full eyes  
 To ſolemnize his *Obſequies*.

## ERRATA.

No place but is of *Errors* rise,  
In labours, Lectures, Leafes,  
Lines, life,

*P* Ag 22. line. 11. for there, read her.  
p. 34. l. 20. f. lives, r. houres. p. 72 l. 9.  
for Dames, r. Damns. p. 112. l. ult. r.  
one to dictate to thee what thou  
hast, &c. p. 153. l. 21. f. Nay, r. May.  
p. 166. l. 22. f. Couch, r. Touch. *Ibid.*  
in marg. f. Humb r. Lumb. p. 205 l. 13.  
f. wailes, r. vailes. p. 213. l. 9. f. medi-  
tation, r. mediation. p. 269. l. 16. for  
*Calidore*, r. *Calidon*. p. 340. for them,  
r. him. p. 355. l. 1. f. when, r. where pag.  
*ib.* l. 18. f. *Dags*, r. *Dogs*. p. 356. l. 14. for  
evertting in some copies, r. everlasting  
p. 363 l. 1. f. painting, r. pancting. p. 379  
mis-folio'd.

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